No. 156
Jan. '73
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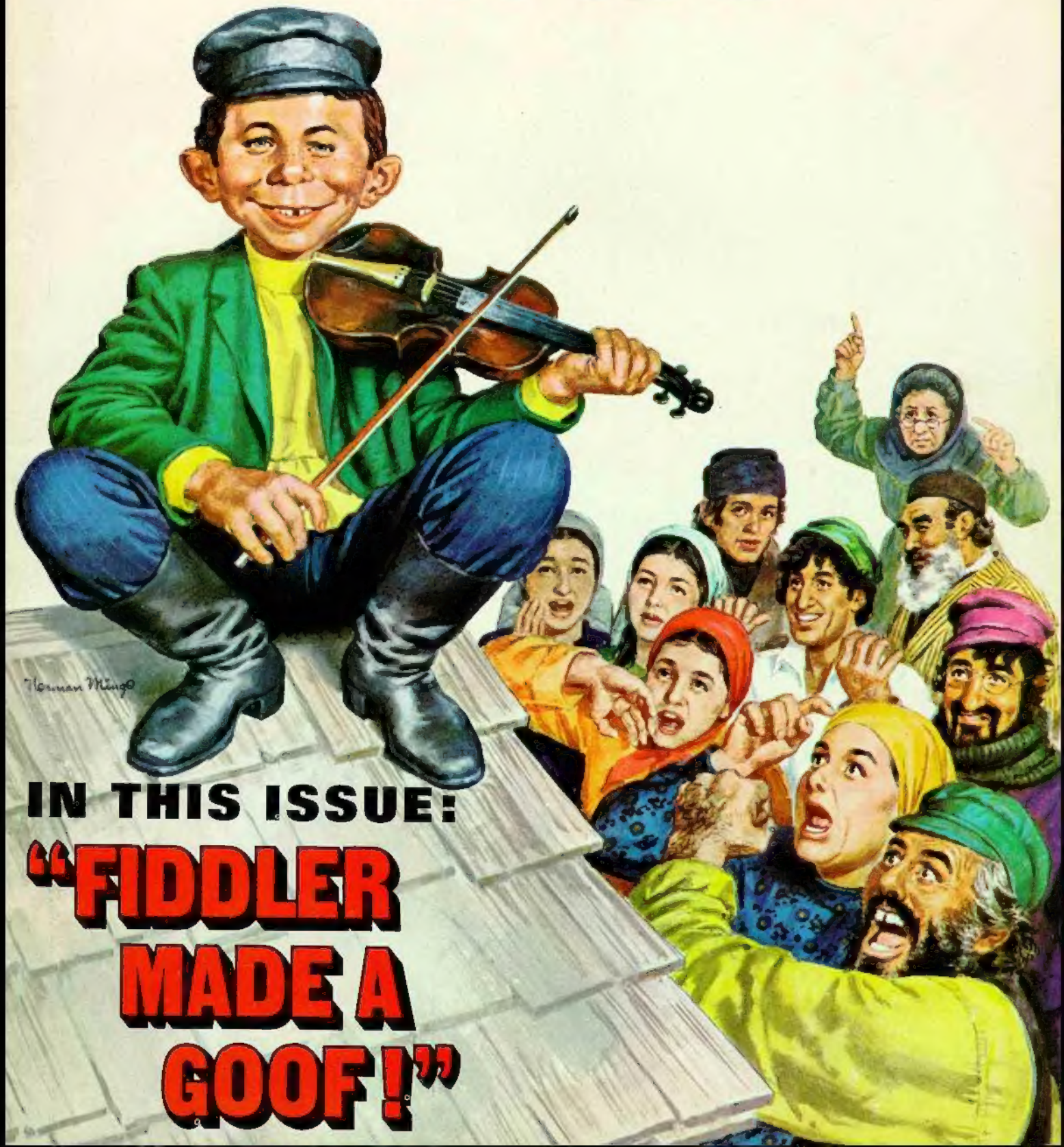

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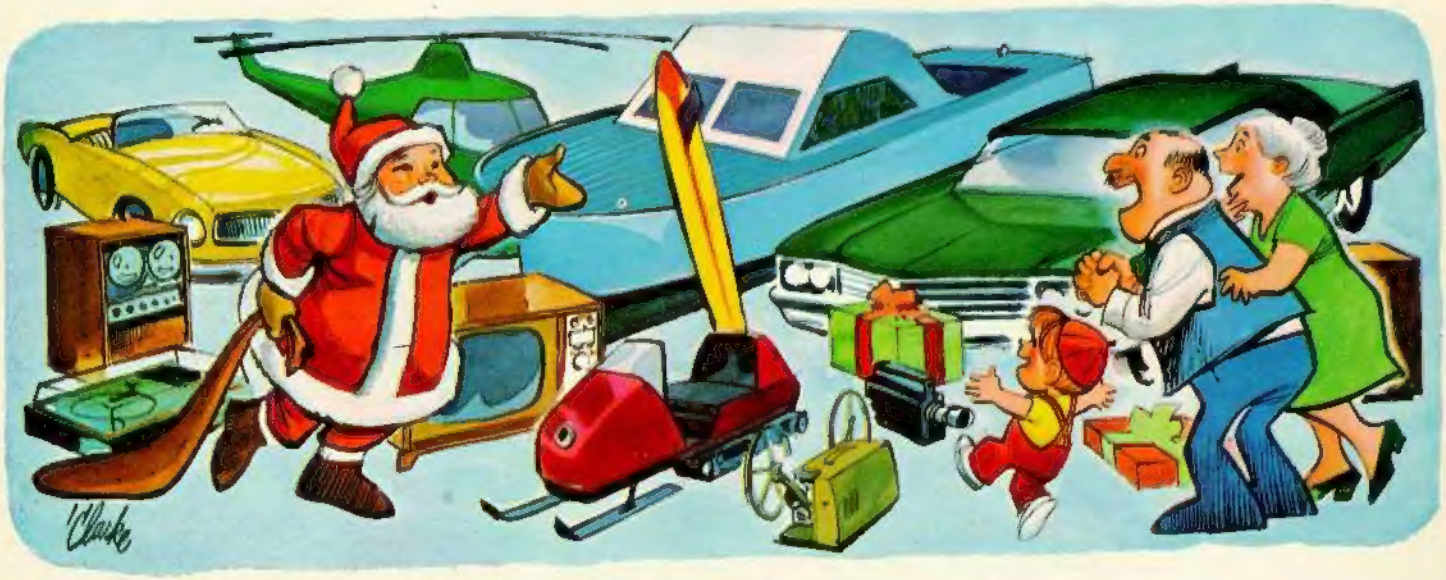

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 156 JANUARY, 1973

MAD

"Men don't marry women on $75.00 a week any more! A girl's gotta be earning at least twice that much!—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Jan., 1973, Volume 1, No. 156. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A., 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1972 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

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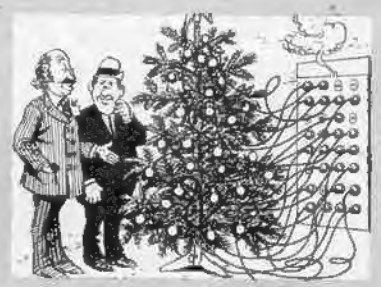

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LETTERS DEPT.

"THE COWKIDS"

I, too, had the dubious pleasure of seeing John Wayne's "The Cowboys." Not only is Dick De Bartolo the best writer to come down the trail,—but he even managed to throw some factual significance into your surprise ending! And Jack Davis's illustrations, such as Wayne clutching his hat in vexation at his "Cowkids," are a scream.

Robert Appleby
Coudersport, Pa.

You (naturally) made a big mistake again. The "Cowboys" was the best western of its time. As usual, you cut it down, threw it in the mud and made it look lousy. Phooeey on you guys! Even the cover of issue #154 was corny!

Chuck Heath
San Antonio, Texas

Many thanks to Dick De Bartolo for his well-written satire of "The Cowboys." The movie shows how "the good guys" are justified for sadistic killing. "The Cowkids" shows how ridiculous the idea is. Jack Davis was great, as usual.

Brett Bakker
Cranford, N.J.

Dick De Bartolo and Jack Davis outdid themselves in this crazy satire!

Scott Cytron
Dallas, Texas

CAR-OWNERS HATE BOOK

Al Jaffee's "MAD Car-Owners Hate Book" is brilliant, except the ones putting down us dedicated, hard-working and underpaid gas pumpers. We pump-jockeys can't stand: People with their gas caps on the other side of the car where the hose won't reach. Little old ladies who want you to check their oil, water, batteries, transmission, tires, etc. when you have a long line of people waiting. People who want you to wash their windshields even when it's raining. People who buy $2.00 of gas with a credit card.

Jayson Kriedler
Detroit, Mich.

LIGHTER SIDE OF HANG-UPS

I really learned something from Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Hang-Ups!" His hang-up is writing dumb articles like that one, and mine is buying the trash.

Frank Abbott
Albuquerque, N. M.

IT'S GOING AROUND

Enjoyed your October issue so much I took it to work with me and passed it around. That afternoon, the entire office went home on Sick Leave.

Janice Rowe
Sierra Army Depot
Herlong, Calif.

GUIDE TO POLITICAL TYPES

The "MAD Guide To Political Types" is penetrating, thorough, and truly characteristic of the intellect and vision of previous political essays on your part. As compared with the divisiveness and secretiveness of the current political scene in the U.S., your forthright and clear analysis is indeed refreshing.

Russ Batson
Washington, D.C.

I was shocked to see that I'm described, in one way or another, in every set of descriptions, especially where it says that the types "Distrust Nixon."

Rod Richey
Anderson, Ind.

In your "Guide To Political Types," there is a certain characteristic common among all these right, left, up, down and sideways groups. They all, quote, distrust Nixon. If your usual uncanny accuracy holds true, then what group does our Supreme Commander belong to? Communists!!??

F. Mettler
Handen, Conn.

I just got through reading your "Political Types" for the fifth time. I can't believe how mixed-up I am. I eat thick soups and that makes me a leftist; but does that mean I'm not a liberal, because I don't own a bicycle? I send in warranties, so I'm a conservative. Just because I pay cash, does that make me reactionary? I'm a right wing militant because I wear a religious medal around my neck? So what if I slouch and everyone thinks I'm a new left extremist! One thing's for sure, I distrust Nixon! How much agony must I suffer? I don't know what I am!! Boy, you guys have all the answers!

Marina Kowkabany
Jacksonville, Fla.

Your "MAD Guide To Political Types" states that leftists phone all night radio talk shows to argue with the Emcee. In Cleveland, they call talk shows to *agree* with the Emcee.

J. A. Fritz
Cleveland, Ohio

SOUNDS OF DON MARTIN

In his "One Night In A Bar Along The Highway," Don Martin has a good ear for the sounds of heavy burping, but he appears to have missed some of the classics, such as GHA-REPP, AR-RAKK and KUD-DERK. Perhaps *these* are only heard in New England, where the old ways survive.

J. Layne
New Haven, Conn.

THE UNKINDEST "CUT" OF ALL

I was thinking that when you do a take-off of the movie "Prime Cut," you could use the name "Chuck Roast" as the lead.

Gretchen Hickman
Cooperstown, N.Y.

Thanks but "Prime Cut" was too lean for us!—Ed.

TELEVISION YELLOW PAGES

Tell Tom Koch and Jack Rickard that "Television Yellow Pages" was just great! Seeing George Plimpton listed under everything from *Big Game Hunters* to *Symphony Conductors* is a hilarious comment.

Ellen Bohlman
St. Paul, Minn.

I died laughing at your "Television Yellow Pages" but, come to think of it, I laugh at the *real* Yellow Pages, too!

Neil Fleischer
Little Neck, N.Y.

Tom Koch's reference to the Osmond Brothers as *"eight* off-key baritones and one brash midget," emanating from "Malechild Breeding Farms," should actually be only *five* baritones. Olive Marie Osmond, thirteen years old come October 13th, is definitely *not* a baritone.

LindaAnn Copersino
Editor: Reese Publishing Co.
New York, N.Y.

Thanks to Tom Koch's "Television Yellow Pages," featuring ads of programs I've never seen, I got a pretty good idea of what they're about!

Karen Tinn
Farmington, Mich.

"THE CUTE ROOK"

I was disappointed with your satire "The Cute Rook." The art by Mort Drucker was good but the story by Stan Hart was lousy. Now, every time someone says "Stan Hart," I fall off to sleep.

D. L. Mulligan
Mississauga, Ont., Canada

Your satire, "The Cute Rook," throws me. I can't place the proper name of the movie you are satirizing. Please advise.

Leo L. Glynn
West Hyattsville, Md.

Surely you remember the part in "Love Story" where George Segal and Robert Redford were out to steal "The Hot Rock."
—Ed.

NORMAN MINGO'S CORNUCOPIA

After rushing out to buy your cornfed cover issue, I rushed out to the Farmers' Market for a bushel of equally luscious corn. Thanks to Alfred for his powers of suggestion and ingestion.

Elaine C. Schmidt
Richboro, Pa.

CORNgratulations! Mingo's cover is so *real*, it kept slipping out of my hands.

Jerry Velona
Hackensack, N.J.

Norman Mingo's "Corny Alfred" cover made my mouth butter!

Toni Alspaugh
New Rochelle, N.Y.

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FIDDLER MADE A GOOF DEPT.

Practically everyone has seen the prize-winning musical about the loveable people in that little village in Old Russia called Anetevka. Well, as far as we're concerned, "Fiddler" made a GOOF! Because a show like that is very sentimental and touching until we think about the *descendents* of those oppressed people who fled Europe so many years ago, and how those descendents have almost destroyed a Dream. Which is why MAD now takes this famous musical about the problems of people who had *nothing*, and updates it with a version about the problems of people who have *everything* —mainly America's Upper Middle Class. Here, then, is our sing-along rendition, re-titled . . .

Antenna

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

on the Roof

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

As a trained Psychiatrist, Mr. Buckchaser, I must tell you that this case is rather unusual!

Why?? Don't you believe in Group Therapy?

Yes, but for an entire family?!? Besides, I've never worked this way before—as a sleep-in Analyst!

Good! Just so we're the first on our block to have one! Now, shut up . . . and listen to our problems . . .

*Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
I'm a success—
Three-car garage—
Fancy address;
Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
Look deep inside
And find out why I'm a mess!

Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
I am his spouse—
Two minks I own—
One's for the house;
I'm just a typical,
Rich, pampered wife—
So why do I hate my life?

*Sung to the tune of "*Matchmaker, Matchmaker*"

I'm Shei-la—
A Free Sex fanatic!

I'm Nan-cy—
A speed freak just now!

I'm Joy, who—
Makes bombs in the attic
And answers the phone with
Quotations from Mao!

Head-shrinker, head-shrinker,
This is our fate—

Kids we can't stand!

Parents we hate!

Millions just like us
Throughout ev'ry state!

So—Don't fall asleep—

Make with the Freud—

Say something deep—

Give us a clue—

So all of us can
Hate you!

The headshrinker said I treat my **daughters** like **possessions**, not like **human beings!** He's **right!** I'll start by making up with my daughter **Sheila!**

Hello, my darling **dependent!** To **own** you is to **love** you!

You're marrying a **Rock Group?**

Bug off with the **soft soap**, Pop! I'm eloping with **"Floyd And The Wheat Germs"!**

We don't want a **big** wedding! Just a **quiet nude ceremony** with a few dozen close **porno freak friends** in attendance!

Such a **dilemma! My first born** —running off to live with a bunch of **strangers!** On the **other** hand, she's been doing that **HERE** for **18 years!** On the **other** hand, it's not like I'd be losing my **Cadillac!** On the **other** hand, do I really **care??**

We're free! Your father gave us his **blessing!**

If you think **"Drop Dead!"** is a **blessing**, you're flakier than I **thought!** Still, it gives us an **excuse** to go running **naked** through the woods, celebrating the **wonders** and **miracles** of today's **counter-culture!**

*Coolest of coolest—
Grooviest of grooviest—
Kids wearing love beads
Round their necks;
Making the scene till,
Grooviest of grooviest,
We give grown-ups tips on sex!

Coolest of coolest—
Groviest of grooviest—
Stu-dents went marching in a rage;
Look how the land berated them, hated them,
Then reduced the voting age!

*Sung to the tune of *"Miracle of Miracles"*

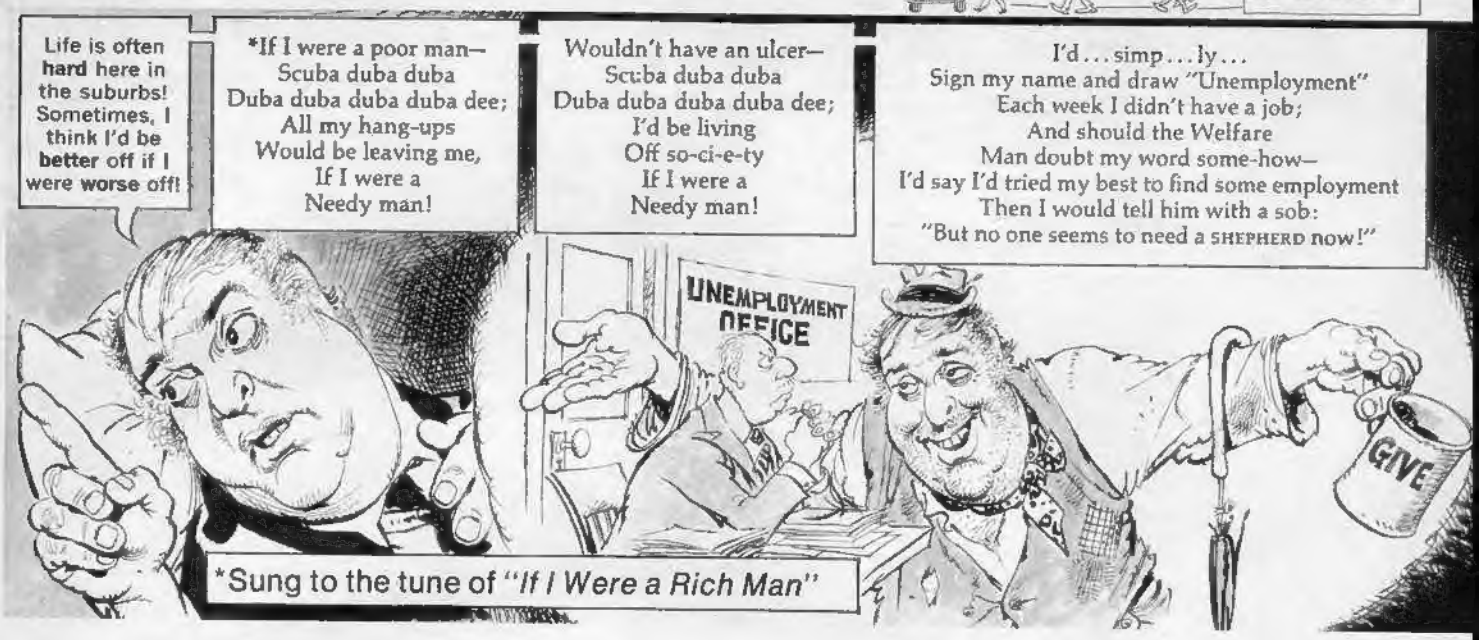
When John told Yoko,
"Let's pose bare!"
That was the grooviest!
When thousands were freaked out
At the Woodstock Fair,
That was the grooviest, too!

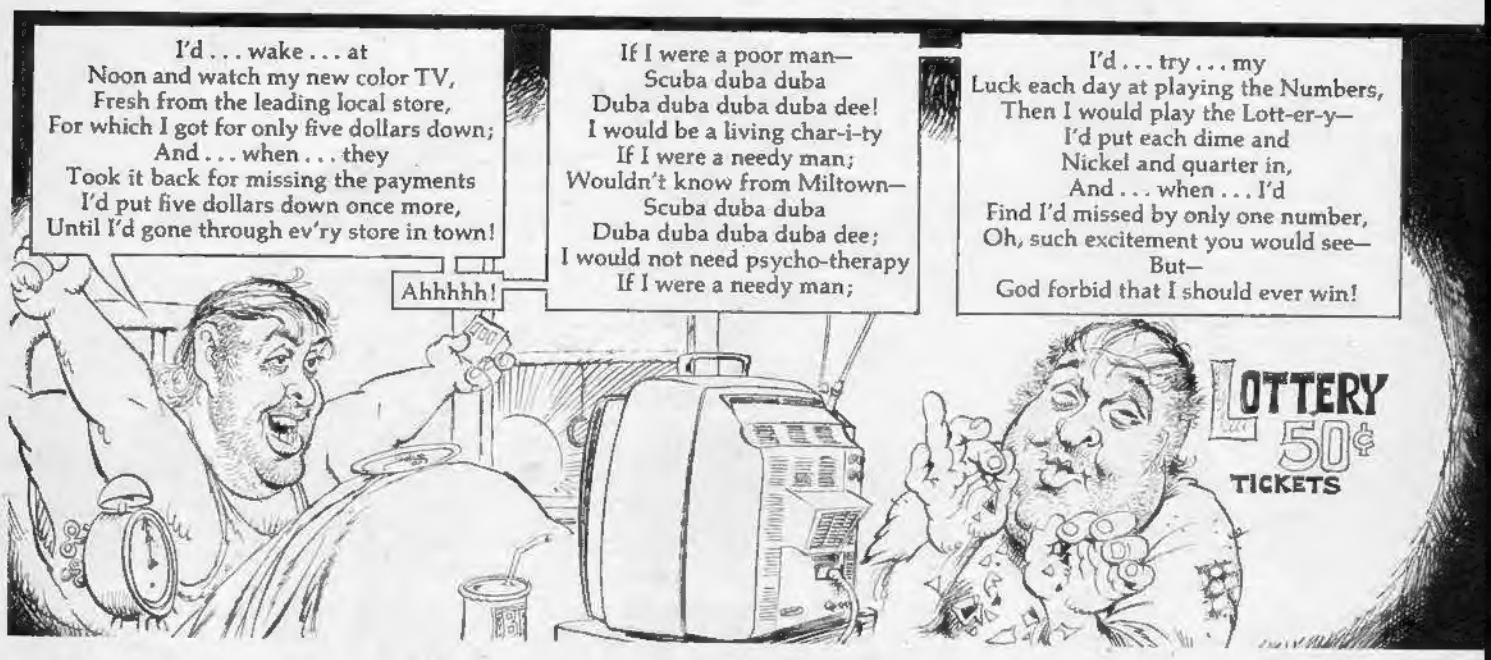
But of all the grooviest
Scenes we've found,
By far the grooviest
One around
Is that we've been spoofing
This show so square
Till . . . it . . . now . . . looks . . .
More . . . like . . . "Hair"!

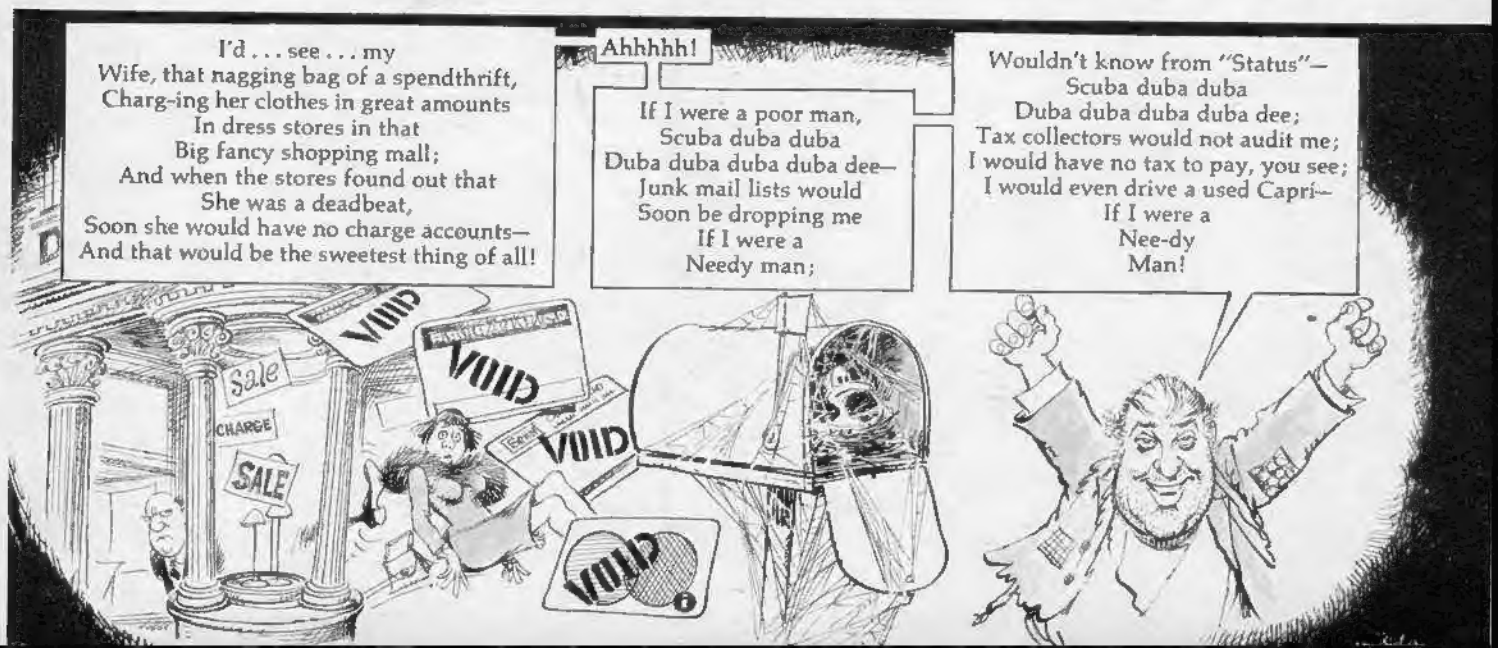
Tell me, Doc—what made Sheila run off with a **Rock Group** instead of marrying someone with a **guaranteed income**— like a **Doctor**, a **Lawyer** or a **Railroad Brakeman??**

Perhaps she **disliked** being treated as another one of your **acquisitions!**

Nonsense! We've loved her ever since we brought her home from the **showroom!**

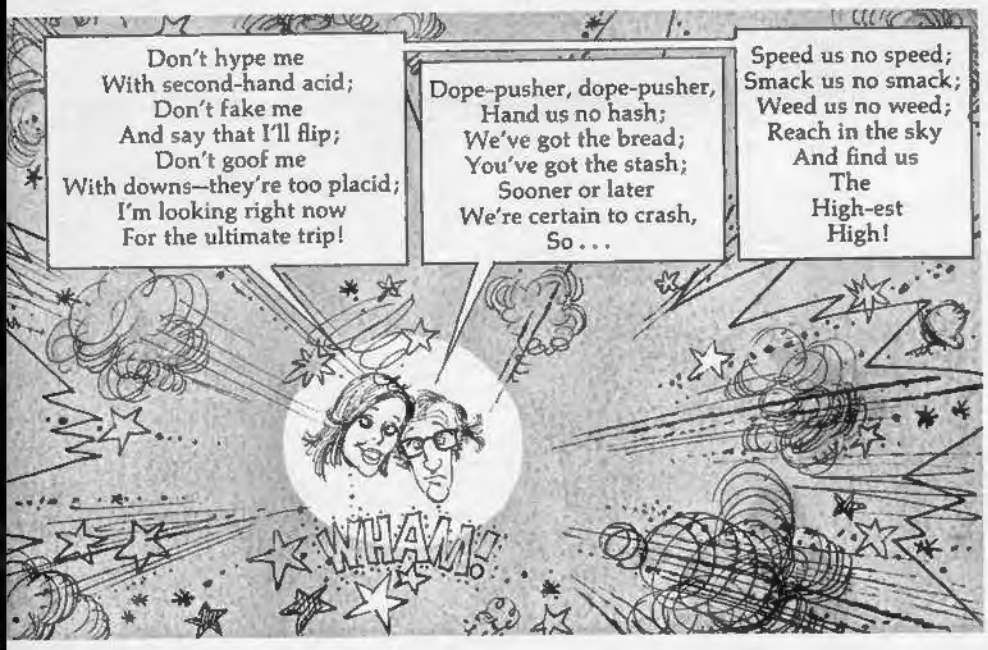

Life is often hard here in the suburbs! Sometimes, I think I'd be better off if I were worse off!
*If I were a poor man—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
All my hang-ups
Would be leaving me,
If I were a
Needy man!
Wouldn't have an ulcer—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
I'd be living
Off so-ci-e-ty
If I were a
Needy man!
I'd . . . simp . . . ly . . .
Sign my name and draw "Unemployment"
Each week I didn't have a job;
And should the Welfare
Man doubt my word some-how—
I'd say I'd tried my best to find some employment
Then I would tell him with a sob:
"But no one seems to need a SHEPHERD now!"
UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE
GIVE
*Sung to the tune of "If I Were a Rich Man"

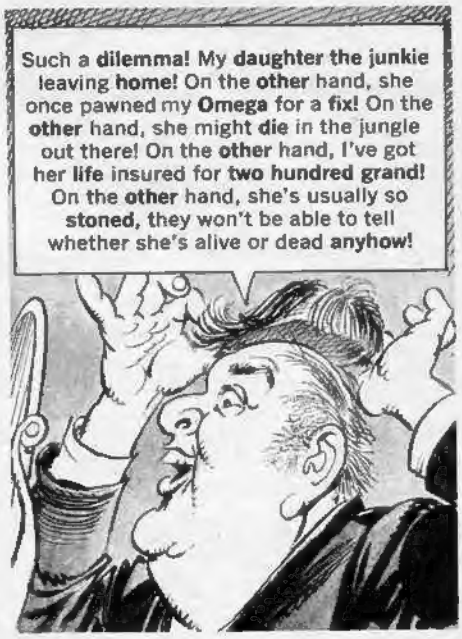

I'd . . . wake . . . at
Noon and watch my new color TV,
Fresh from the leading local store,
For which I got for only five dollars down;
And . . . when . . . they
Took it back for missing the payments
I'd put five dollars down once more,
Until I'd gone through ev'ry store in town!
Ahhhhh!
If I were a poor man—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee!
I would be a living char-i-ty
If I were a needy man;
Wouldn't know from Miltown—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
I would not need psycho-therapy
If I were a needy man;
I'd . . . try . . . my
Luck each day at playing the Numbers,
Then I would play the Lott-er-y—
I'd put each dime and
Nickel and quarter in,
And . . . when . . . I'd
Find I'd missed by only one number,
Oh, such excitement you would see—
But—
God forbid that I should ever win!
LOTTERY
50¢
TICKETS


I'd . . . see . . . my
Wife, that nagging bag of a spendthrift,
Charg-ing her clothes in great amounts
In dress stores in that
Big fancy shopping mall;
And when the stores found out that
She was a deadbeat,
Soon she would have no charge accounts—
And that would be the sweetest thing of all!
Ahhhhh!
If I were a poor man,
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee—
Junk mail lists would
Soon be dropping me
If I were a
Needy man;
Wouldn't know from "Status"—
Scuba duba duba
Duba duba duba duba dee;
Tax collectors would not audit me;
I would have no tax to pay, you see;
I would even drive a used Capri—
If I were a
Nee-dy
Man!
Sale
CHARGE
SALE
VOID
VOID
VOID
VOID

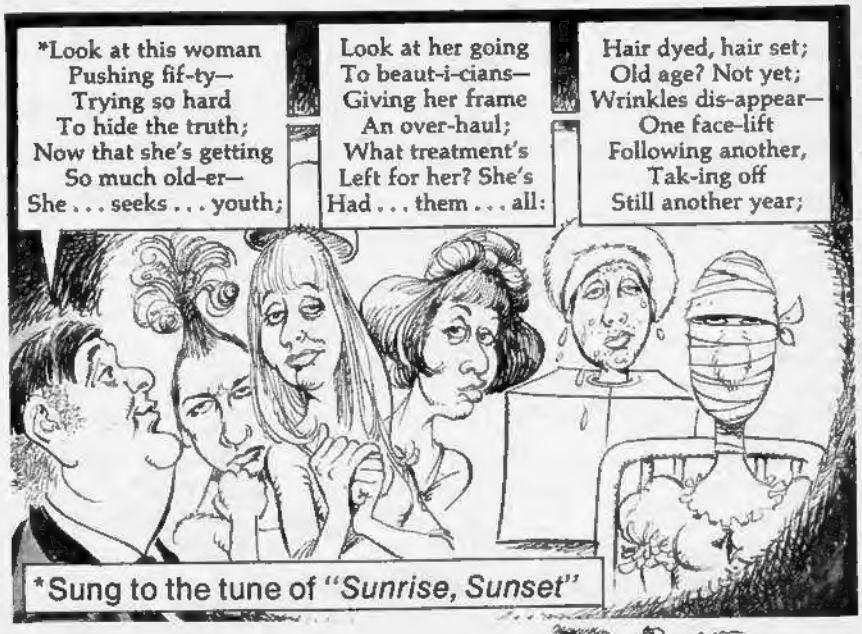
Still—I've got two daughters left! Look at my Nancy! The first girl in the neighborhood to play "Doctor" with real hypodermics!
Hi, Pop! You're just in time to say goodbye! I'm leaving for good with Harvey The Head here!

C'mon, Harvey! We're splitting for the big city while we sing this song that glorifies our holy quest for a new spiritual experience!
*Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Fix me a fix; Push me a push! Fill me with kicks; Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Make with the score And open your bag of tricks!
Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Sell me no grass; It's now become Too middle-class; Zap me for good 'cause I'm Counting on you To hook me on something new!
*Reprise to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

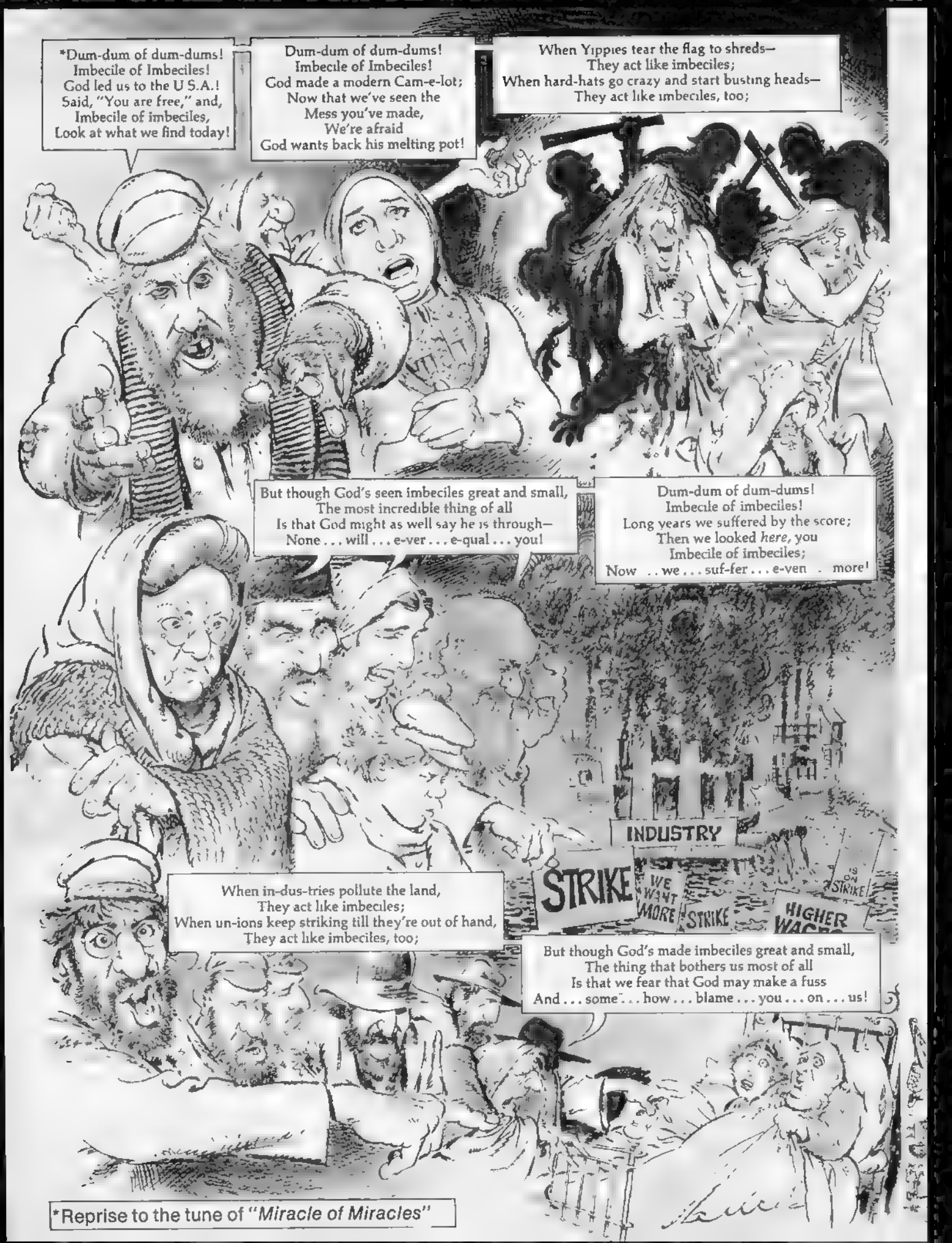

Don't hype me With second-hand acid; Don't fake me And say that I'll flip; Don't goof me With downs—they're too placid; I'm looking right now For the ultimate trip!
Dope-pusher, dope-pusher, Hand us no hash; We've got the bread; You've got the stash; Sooner or later We're certain to crash, So . . .
Speed us no speed; Smack us no smack; Weed us no weed; Reach in the sky And find us The High-est High!
WHAM!


Such a dilemma! My daughter the junkie leaving home! On the other hand, she once pawned my Omega for a fix! On the other hand, she might die in the jungle out there! On the other hand, I've got her life insured for two hundred grand! On the other hand, she's usually so stoned, they won't be able to tell whether she's alive or dead anyhow!

Our children are leaving us, dear!
Yes! Now we can enter our golden years when we will sit quietly by ourselves and grow old together!
Grow OLD?!? Not if you can help it!


*Look at this woman Pushing fif-ty— Trying so hard To hide the truth; Now that she's getting So much old-er— She . . . seeks . . . youth;
Look at her going To beaut-i-cians— Giving her frame An over-haul; What treatment's Left for her? She's Had . . . them . . . all:
Hair dyed, hair set; Old age? Not yet; Wrinkles dis-appear— One face-lift Following another, Tak-ing off Still another year;
*Sung to the tune of "Sunrise, Sunset"

Mud packs, weight pills; Nose jobs; huge bills; Caps on all her teeth— Ointments and skin creams And mas-ca-ra, Cov-er-ing Up what's underneath!
Look at this hypocrite I married, Wearing a thousand buck toupee; Look at him coloring his Fringe with Clair-ol Spray;
Shots from his doctor he is getting, Giving him new vi-ril-i-ty— He says they're Helping him, but Don't ask Me!
Each day . . . we wake; Ten pills . . . we take— One for ev'ry gland; With all this youth That we both yearn for, How come our Children we can't stand?
Still—I've got my youngest daughter, my little princess, my Joy! Each day, she sits in her room, making Molotov cocktails out of my wife's empty Geritol bottles!
S'long, Pop! I'm gonna blow this nothing scene!
But, why? Haven't I given you everything you wanted? Didn't I bring the Chicago Seven to your Sweet Sixteen Party? Say you'll stay and I'll buy you your own very own munitions plant!
I'm off the violence kick, Pop! I'm into Gay Liberation, now! That's why I'm eloping with Pauline here!
Such a dilemma! My daughter, marrying a GIRL! On the other hand, she might be marrying a Black! On the other hand, I don't have to worry about her getting pregnant! On the other hand, I think it's time to talk to the Analyst again . . .
So you see, Doctor . . . they've all left us! Why? WHY??
For that answer, I need to probe your subconscious! Have you had any unusual dreams or nightmares lately?
Just one! I was sleeping the other night, when suddenly . . .
Aaagh! No! Not YOU!!
What is it? Who-who's here in our bedroom?!?
It's—it's THEM! It's our ancestors from the Old Country! There's my Grandfather, Tevya . . . and my Grandmother, Golde . . . and Motel, the Tailor . . . and Yente, the Matchmaker . . . and Lazar, the Butcher . . . and all the other people from Anetevka!
That's right! Back in Russia, we may not have had Analysts, but we could always recognize a fool when we saw one!



*Reprise to the tune of "*Miracle of Miracles*"

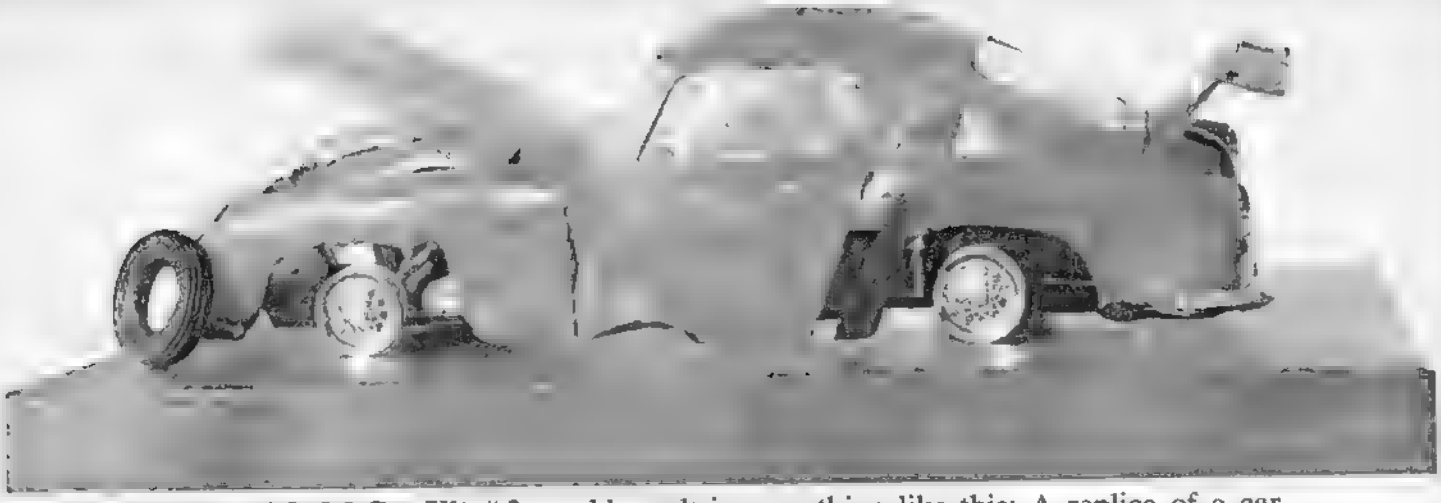
Building model cars is a big thing with kids today. The only trouble is, the kits result in shiny new replicas of shiny new cars. Why don't Model Car Kit manufacturers wise up and "tell it like it is"? Why don't they make "relevant" car kits? Like f'rinstance these four

"REALISTIC" MAD MODEL CAR KITS

When they are assembled, most Model Car Kits today result in something like this: A replica of a car as it looks on display in the dealer's showroom, shiny and new.

CONCEIVED & EXECUTED BY DAVE GANTZ

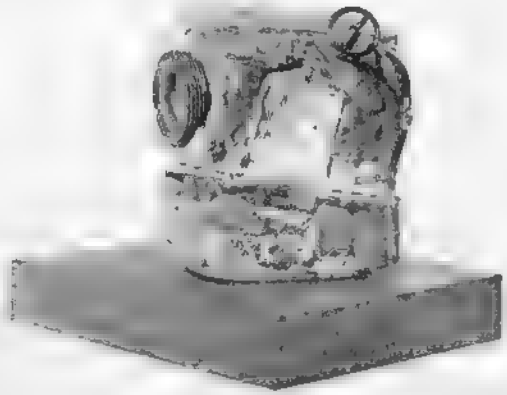
MAD's Model Car Kit #1 would result in this kind of thing: A replica of a car a *few weeks after* it's left the dealer's showroom, when it's been driven on crowded city streets, parked in shopping center parking lots and jammed onto our freeways.



MAD's Model Car Kit #2 would result in something like this: A replica of a car a few *months* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has to be abandoned alongside a highway overnight due to engine failure or other manufacturing defect.

MAD's Model Car Kit #3 would result in this spectacular replica of a car (plus a few million other cars) about a *year* after it's left the dealer's showroom, when it has fallen apart completely and joined one of these familiar American landmarks.

And last but not least, **MAD's Model Car Kit #4** would result in this attractive replica of a car as it begins its journey back to becoming *another* shiny new one on display in the dealer's showroom.



INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES IN A DEPARTMENT STORE AT CHRISTMASTIME

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

How much foil wrapping paper is in this roll?
Oh, about enough to cover the large cardboard tube inside!
I'm looking for a Christmas gift for my Boss, and I'd like to spend about $15.00!
How about a $5.00 tie . . . with our deluxe $10.00 gift wrapping?
Isn't it exciting!? Every year, the manufacturers put their products into more beautiful decanters!
Gee, it IS pretty! Er— What's this? Scotch?!?
No, it's Rat Poison!
. . . and the nice thing about THIS tree is that if one light goes out, all the others will stay lit!
Hey! What happened to those rugged metal sleds that we had on display here last year?
Oh, we don't carry them any more! Our Testing Lab found they were so well built that they lasted a whole season without falling apart!
My son would like to add to his set! He wants one of those steam locomotives, four passenger cars, a box of track, and a deluxe transformer!
Daddy, will I be old enough to PLAY with the electric trains THIS year?
A battery-operated train for only $4.95! At long last, there's something in this toy department that's reasonably priced! I'll take one . . . !
Very good, Madam! Er—do you also want the special battery that's required to make the thing run? That's $14.00 extra!
PLASTI-FLASH 500
PLASTI
LIONEL
ENTIRE LAYOUT 5.00
15.98
DO NOT TOUCH DISPLAY
29.98

When you two guys finish replacing the burned-out bulbs in the Men's Room Displays, check out the Christmas decorations in all the phone booths!

How come all the Yuletime decorations are in such terrible shape?

It's just normal wear and tear! They've been up since August!!

SHOPPERS ALWAYS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, OPEN TIL 10 PM

The biggest customer crush is from twelve to two, when we get all the noontime shoppers! So plan on that!

What should I do?

What most of us do! That's when you go to lunch!!

Do ALL your cards say things like, "Have a groovy, far-out Christmas!" and "Let it all hang out this Yule!"?

Oh, no! You're looking at our Religious Cards!!

ONLY 3.98

ONLY 12.98

SHIPPING DEPT.

This is my first day here! What do I do with this package marked "Glass"?

Throw it on the "Fragile" pile!

What do we do with the Christmas packages marked "Rush"?

Make sure they're delivered by January 10th! The "regular" Christmas packages should be delivered around February 1st!

GLASS

FRAGILE

RUSH

ACE BARRELL SET

Christmas! Bah! Humbug! It's all a lot of nonsense, if you ask me!

Oh, no, sir! Christmas is a season of joy and happiness! And festive windows like these bring people together to share the gladness that is in their hearts!

What are you . . . a store executive?

No . . . a pickpocket!

All this tinsel and colored lights and commercialism! Have you lost sight of the fact that Christmas is to honor a little Baby born in a manger many years ago?!

Of course not, Madam! And you can obtain an attractive replica of that scene in plastic for only $14.95 on our seventh floor!

Classics by SCHOONMAKER

MR. DROSS MANAGER

PLIGHT GAGS DEPT.

You Know You've REALLY

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . you're going 85 MPH in your brand new car, and you hear on the radio that your model has just been recalled because the wheels come off at high speeds.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . your wife gets a phone call and whispers, "I can't talk now!"

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . you go to the Internal Revenue Service for a tax audit, and the Examiner bursts out laughing when he studies your 1040 form.

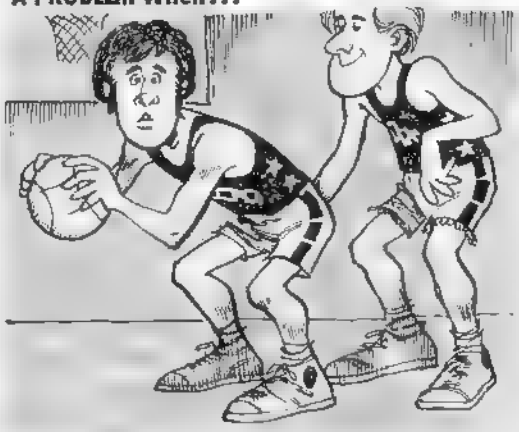
You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . you come home from Camp, and your Parents have moved without leaving a forwarding address.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . the Driving Test Inspector throws up on your dashboard.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...



. . . your teammate pats you on the fanny after a good play, and then he keeps his hand there.

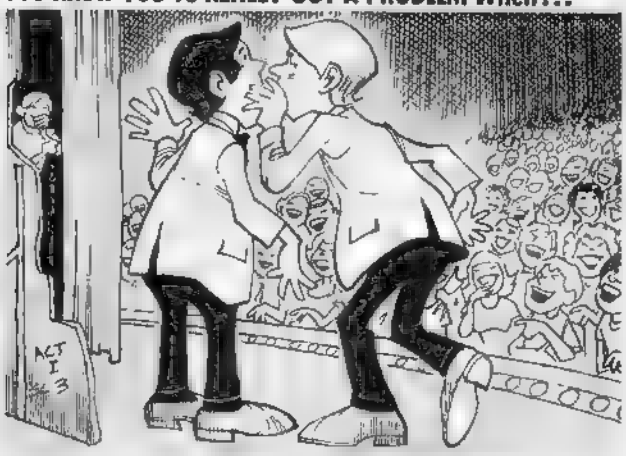
You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

. . . your Dentist gets all excited and says, "Wow! This is a real challenge!"

GOT A PROBLEM When...

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...



... you're getting great laughs in the school play, and then you learn that your fly is open.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

... you tell your Psychiatrist how you really feel about your Parents, and he says, "You should be ashamed of yourself!"

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

... you go to a hotel on your Wedding night, and the desk clerk asks your new Bride if she wants her usual room.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

... you tell a nasty Polish joke to a Barber, and then you notice the last name on his license is "Cowznofski."

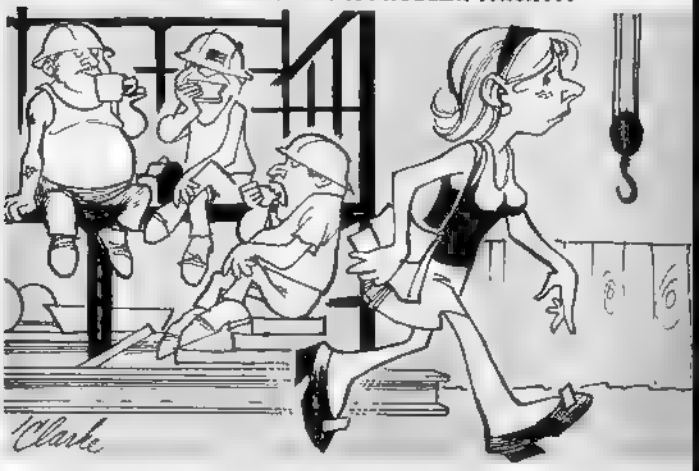
You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

... you return to the office after a two-week vacation, and discover your Boss didn't even realize you were away.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

... the Policeman who's escorting you home through a tough neighborhood suddenly breaks out in a cold sweat.

You Know You've REALLY GOT A PROBLEM When...

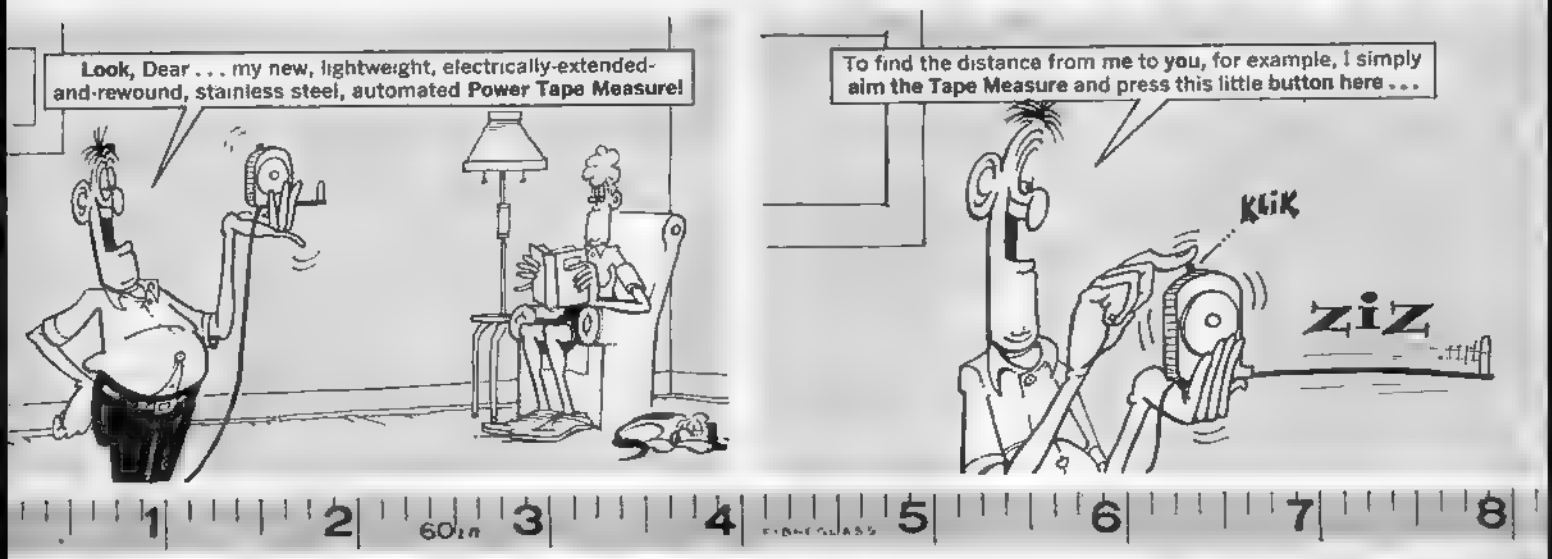


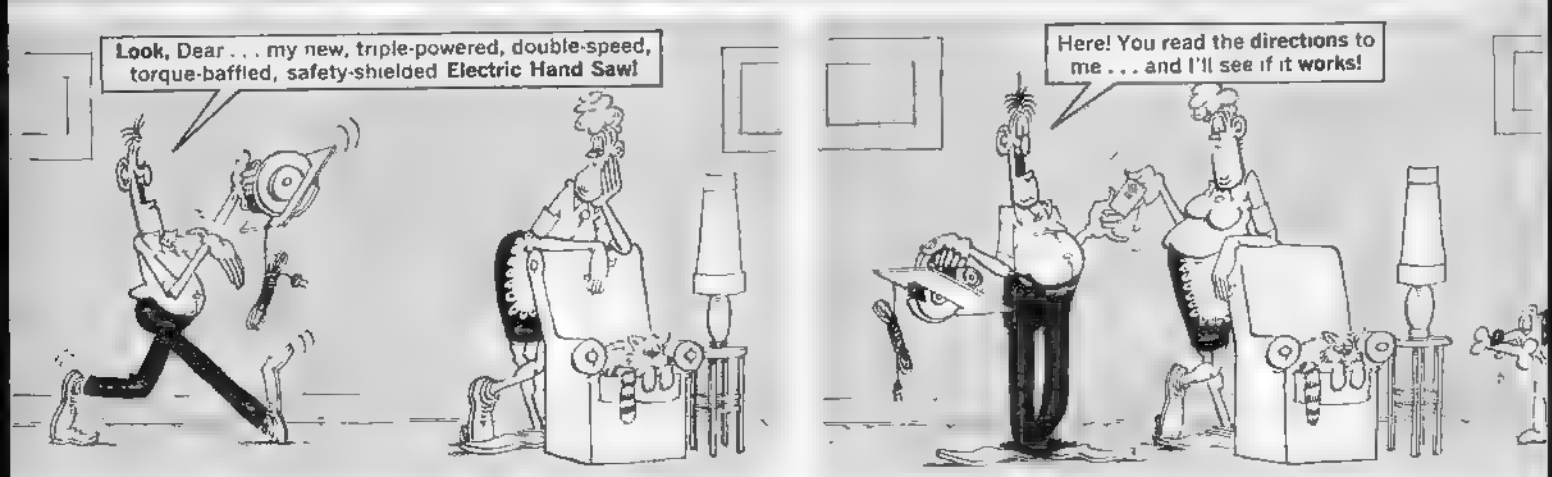
... you pass a group of Construction workers eating their lunch ... and they continue to eat their lunch.

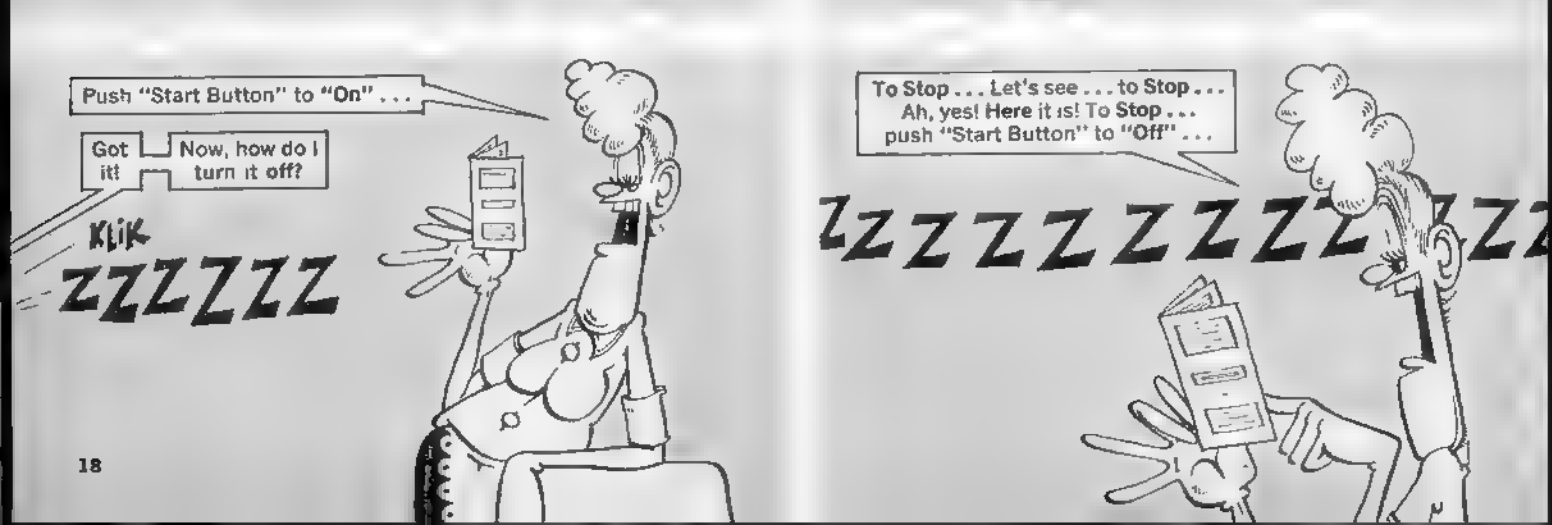
THERE'S NO TOOL LIKE AN OLD TOOL DEPT.

DON MARTIN'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH...

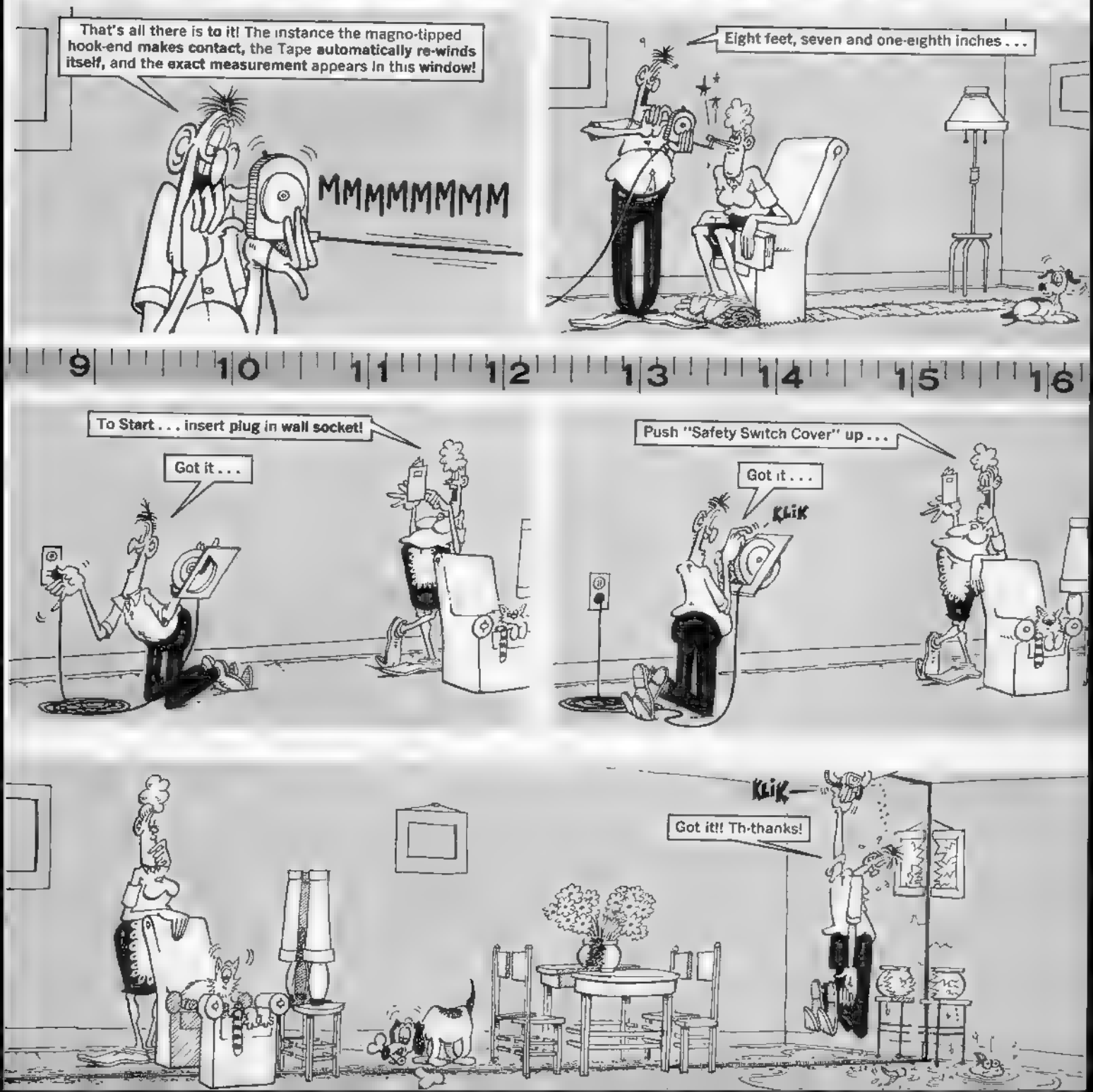
NEW POW THE HO







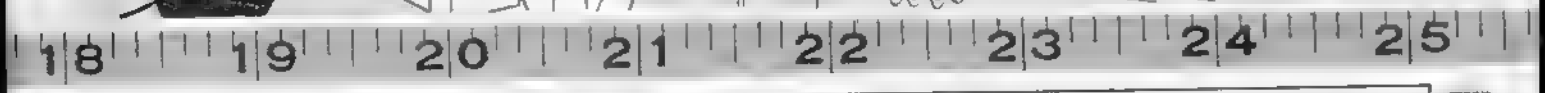
ER TOOLS FOR ME CRAFTSMAN



Look, Dear . . . my new, heat-insulated, super-speed Powered Hand Drill with the double-plated, rodium-tipped Drill Bit!

Just a quick flip of the finger-tip switch . . . and I can drill through anything!!
KLiK
ZZZZZ

ZZZZZZ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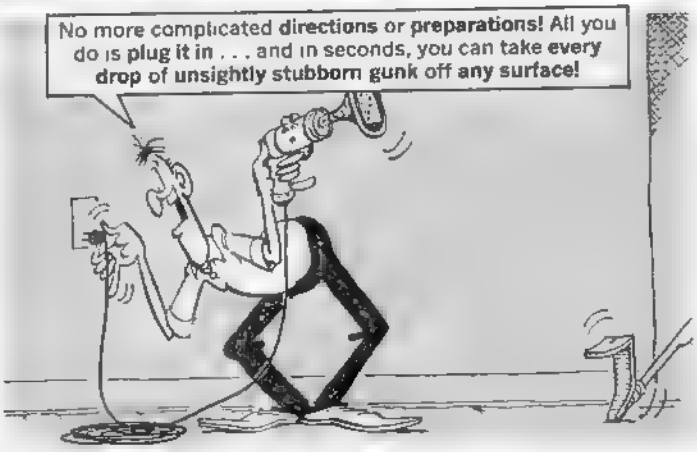
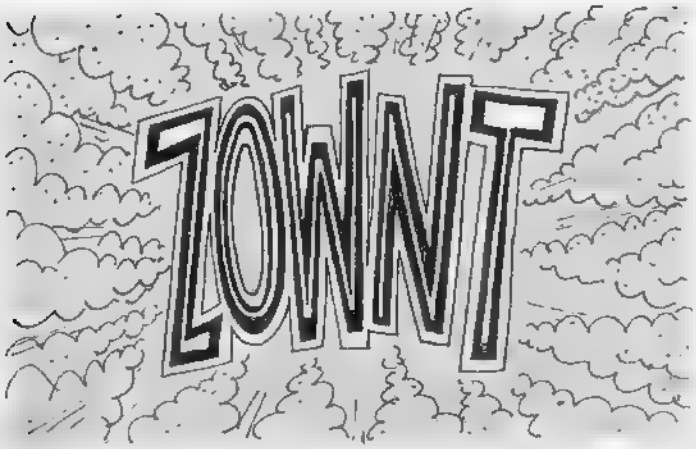
Look, Dear . . . my new, lightweight, double-zapped, combination high-speed Vacuum and Power Sander!!


No more complicated directions or preparations! All you do is plug it in . . . and in seconds, you can take every drop of unsightly stubborn gunk off any surface!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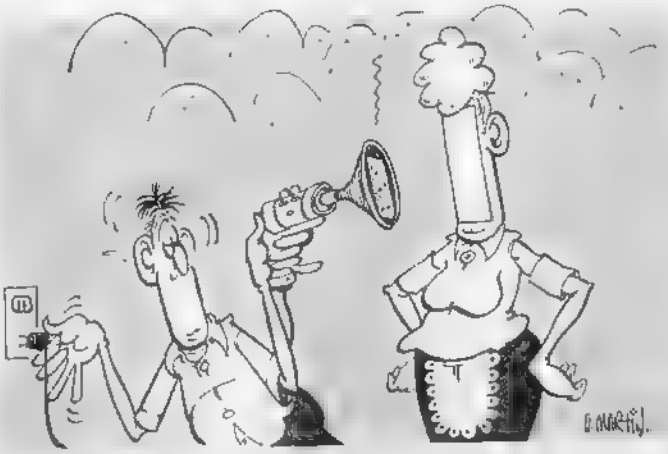


Once upon a time, in 1897, a very young girl named Virginia O'Hanlon wrote this letter to the NEW YORK SUN newspaper:

Dear Editor,
I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?
Yours truly,
Virginia O'Hanlon

The NEW YORK SUN then promptly answered little Virginia's letter with this now-famous reply:

Yes, Virgina, There Is A Santa Claus!

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there would be no Santa Claus.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your Papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if you did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay 10 times 10 thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

This was the answer Virginia got way back in 1897. However, we've been wondering what kind of answers she might have gotten if she'd written to some of today's big-shots. So let's take a look, Gang, at what we'd probably have...

IF TODAY'S CELEBRITIES ANSWERED VIRGINIA'S LETTER ABOUT SANTA CLAUS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

FROM RICHARD NIXON

THE WHITE HOUSE

Dear Miss O'Hanlon:

The President has referred your letter to his foreign affairs advisor, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, who has referred it to Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, who has referred it to me.

The President wishes to make it perfectly clear that he is not altogether uncommitted to being favorably unopposed to the recognition (or non-recognition) of Santa Claus. He considers it a matter of the greatest urgency, although, not withstanding, one that might better be decided by the Congress or, failing that, on the state, local or, preferably, neighborhood level.

This is not to say, of course, that the President is unsympathetic to your question. Lest you misinterpret this reply as evasive, let me assure you that regarding the existence of Santa Claus, the President's view is an unqualified maybe.

Very truly yours,

Gerald Warren

Gerald Warren
Asst. Press Secretary

FROM JACK ANDERSON

Dear Virginia:

The administration would like you to believe there is a Santa Claus. The fact is that Santa is a myth, kept "alive" by the toy industry and its lobbyists in Washington. The White House will deny this, but G.O.P. campaign contributions totaling two hundred thousand dollars were received this year from toy firms. In return, the toy industry was promised that David Eisenhower would not deny that he believed in Santa Claus.

This Santa scandal is, of course, one more indicator of how the administration yields to pressure groups. You will remember earlier this year that Secretary of State Rogers, bowing to pressures from the fur industry, refused to confirm or deny that the United States was planning to recognize the Easter Bunny.

Most Sincerely,

Jack Anderson

Jack Anderson

FROM TIMOTHY LEARY

Dear Virginia:
I have referred your letter to the Cosmic Priests of the Universal Synod, who communicate with me in trance through vibrations I receive trans-sensually via my left nostril. They have assured me that Santa Claus is real. Besides, he and I crossed paths last Xmas 10,000 feet over Omaha.

Divinely,
Dr. Timothy Leary

FROM BETTY FRIEDAN

Dear Ms. O'Hanlon:

Your doubts as to the existence of Santa Claus reflect the attempts of the male establishment to brainwash you.

You would prefer, quite naturally, to hold on to your feminist faith, to think, to act, to believe as you wish. But the male chauvinists are trying to imprison your mind, just as they enslaved the Blacks, and killed the Indians and polluted the environment and created brassieres.

Take it from me—Santa Claus lives, and I'll blast any male pig who says SHE doesn't!

Very truly yours,

Ms. Betty Friedan

Ms. Betty Friedan

FROM TINY TIM

Dear Virginia:

I am answering your letter on behalf of Mr. Tim. On receiving your inquiry, he immediately suffered a nervous breakdown. The mere fact that someone should question the existence of Santa Claus was enough, I'm afraid, to put him in a state of emotional collapse. May I please suggest that you refrain from sending him any more queries of this nature.

Most sincerely,

Quenton Fortesque

Quenton Fortesque
Secretary to Mr. Tim

FROM JACKIE ONASSIS

My darling Virginia.

I cannot imagine where you heard the horrid rumor that there is no Santa Claus. Why, I shudder at the mere thought of it. Who do you think brings us our Dior dresses and our Pucci gowns? Who do you suppose showers us with diamond bracelets and sable coats and seventy-five dollar pairs of shoes? Who is it that caters to our every whim and makes us feel oh, so very very happy? Santa does, that's who.

So don't fret, Virginia. You can take my word for it that the fat old gentleman exists After all, I should know. I married him.

Yours,

Jackie Onassis

FROM JOE NAMATH

Dear Ginny:

Answering letters from eight year olds isn't exactly my speed, but look me up in about ten years or so and I'll lay some goodies on you that Santa never dreamed of!

Cheers,

Joe

FROM "DEAR ABBY"

Dear Virginia:

So you're warm for the fat fellow with the white whiskers. And now all your "friends" are putting him down. Tough for them. If you've got a thing for older men, that's your business.

Abby

FROM GEORGE PLIMPTON

Dear Virginia:

To answer your question, Santa and I are looking forward to meeting you this Christmas Eve. Watch for our sleigh at about 11:30 P.M.

Sincerely,

George Plimpton

George Plimpton

FROM CLIFFORD IRVING

Dear Virginia:

You ask if there is a Santa Claus. Having spent six weeks with him in an igloo on an island off Baffin Bay, I can assure you that he does indeed exist. Santa Claus is a shy, secretive man, which is why he makes only one public appearance a year.

Naturally, I can't reveal everything about him because of my forthcoming book, "The Autobiography of Santa Claus," which I am writing from my numerous tape-recorded conversations with him. But I can tell you, Virginia, that he is alive, acts jolly, has a red nose and treats his elves well. Especially a shapely blonde girl elf named Tina, who made my stay a particularly enjoyable one. No Santa Claus? Come on now, Virginia! Would I lie to you?

Sincerely,

Clifford Irving

FROM HOWARD COSELL

Dear Virginia:

You ask about Santa Claus. You wonder if he exists. Your little mind teems with doubt, with concern, with worry. You have heard that he may be playing out his last season, that his reindeer are slowing down, that he can't lift his bag. We've all heard these rumors, Virginia. I've heard them, you've heard them, even Dandyroo has heard them. Yet year after year we wait for him on Christmas Eve, confident that he will appear once again, driving his sleigh across countless miles of sky, descending chimneys throughout the world, filling millions of stockings of children everywhere.

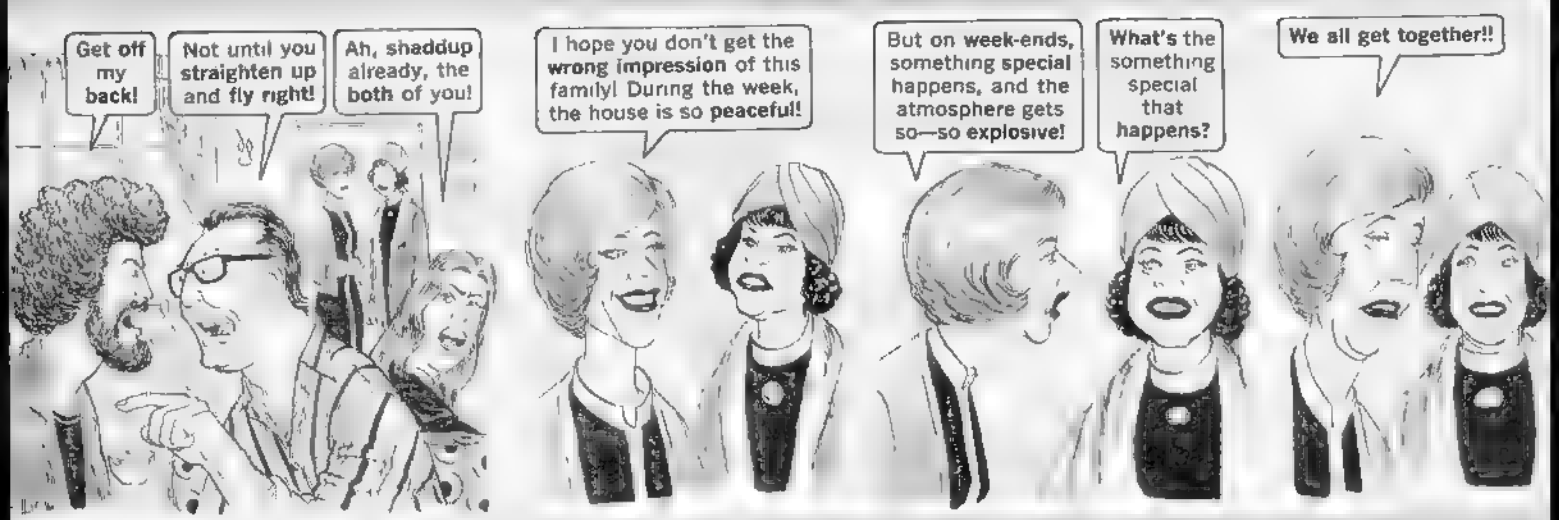
And, now, Virginia, you want to know if Santa Claus is real. Therefore, allow me to state unequivocably that not only is Santa Claus an unmitigated, unqualified fake but that you, Virginia, are the most gullible child I have ever encountered. And I hope his elves choke.

Sincerely,

Howard Cosell

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... WEE



K-ENDS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

These Sunday dinners stuff me to the gills!

Me, too! Boy, course after course . . .

Gee, Mom! You must cook all day Saturday!

That's right! I do!

I think it's ridiculous to work so hard for one meal!

It's not so ridiculous! Because, although it's only one meal for YOU, it's five or six for me!

The rest of the week, we eat the left-overs!

What do I have to do on this glorious week end!? Write a lousy term paper! It has to be in on Monday! So if anybody calls, tell 'em I'm not in! And that means ANYbody!

May God forgive me, the way I lied for you! Nancy called, and Ginny, and Wendy, and Sue, and Lenore, and Irwin Roseman—

Irwin Roseman called, and you didn't tell me?!?

But you told me to say you're not in to anybody! "And that means ANYbody!"

But Irwin Roseman isn't ANYBODY!

He's a BOY!!

Darn them! I've been on the phone for half an hour now, hassling with the airlines, trying to get a reservation! Listen, Gloria, while I'm doing this, call the hotel and make sure I'm booked!

Meanwhile, I'd better work out a schedule! I want every minute to count! Le'me see! Friday morning, tennis at 8 A.M. Lunch at 12. Then sightseeing till 4, and . . .

Oh, excuse me! I see you people are quite busy!

Hi, Boss! We sure are!

We're trying to get as much work done as possible before I leave for my long week-end!

Are you still out here?!

Huh? Oh—yeah! You know how I am! I can't sleep a wink until the kids come home from their dates safe and sound!

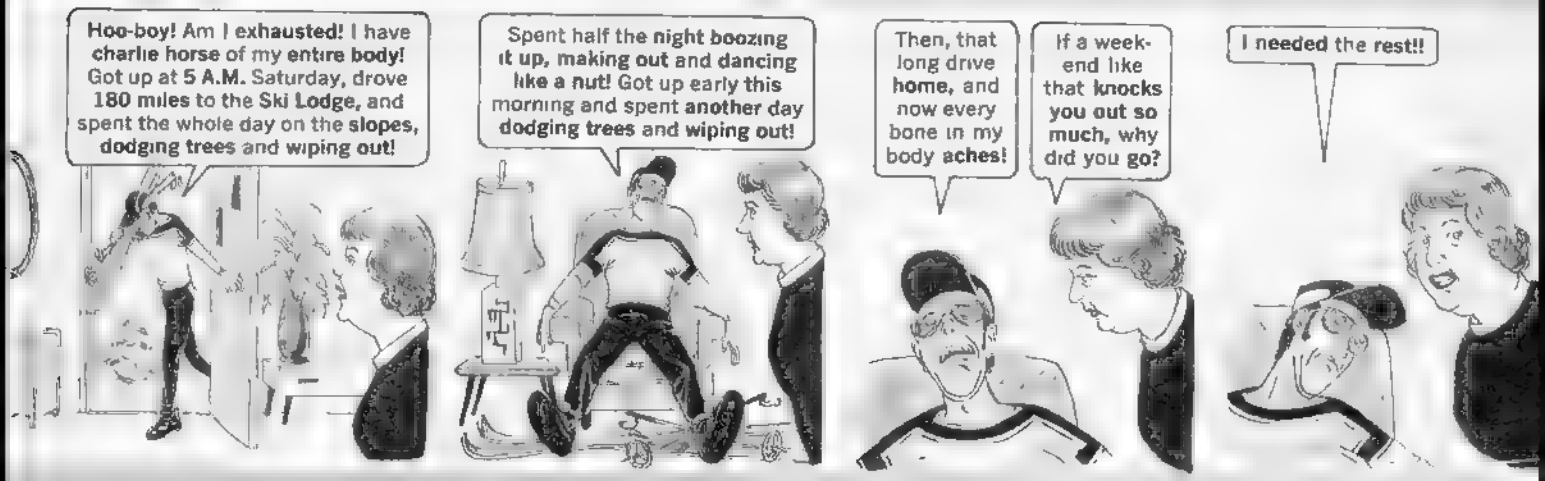
Just look at the time! You'd think they'd be considerate, knowing what a worrier I am, and come home early for once!

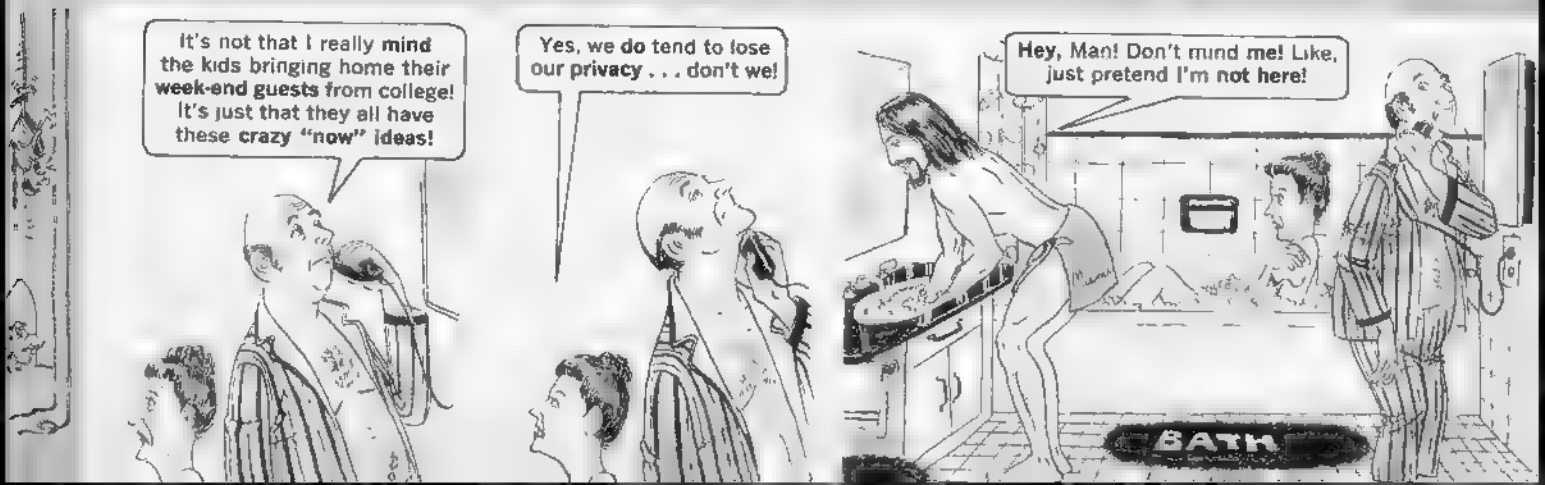
But, no! Every week-end, it's the same thing! And I have to sit here like a wide-eyed sentinel . . . staring at the front door!

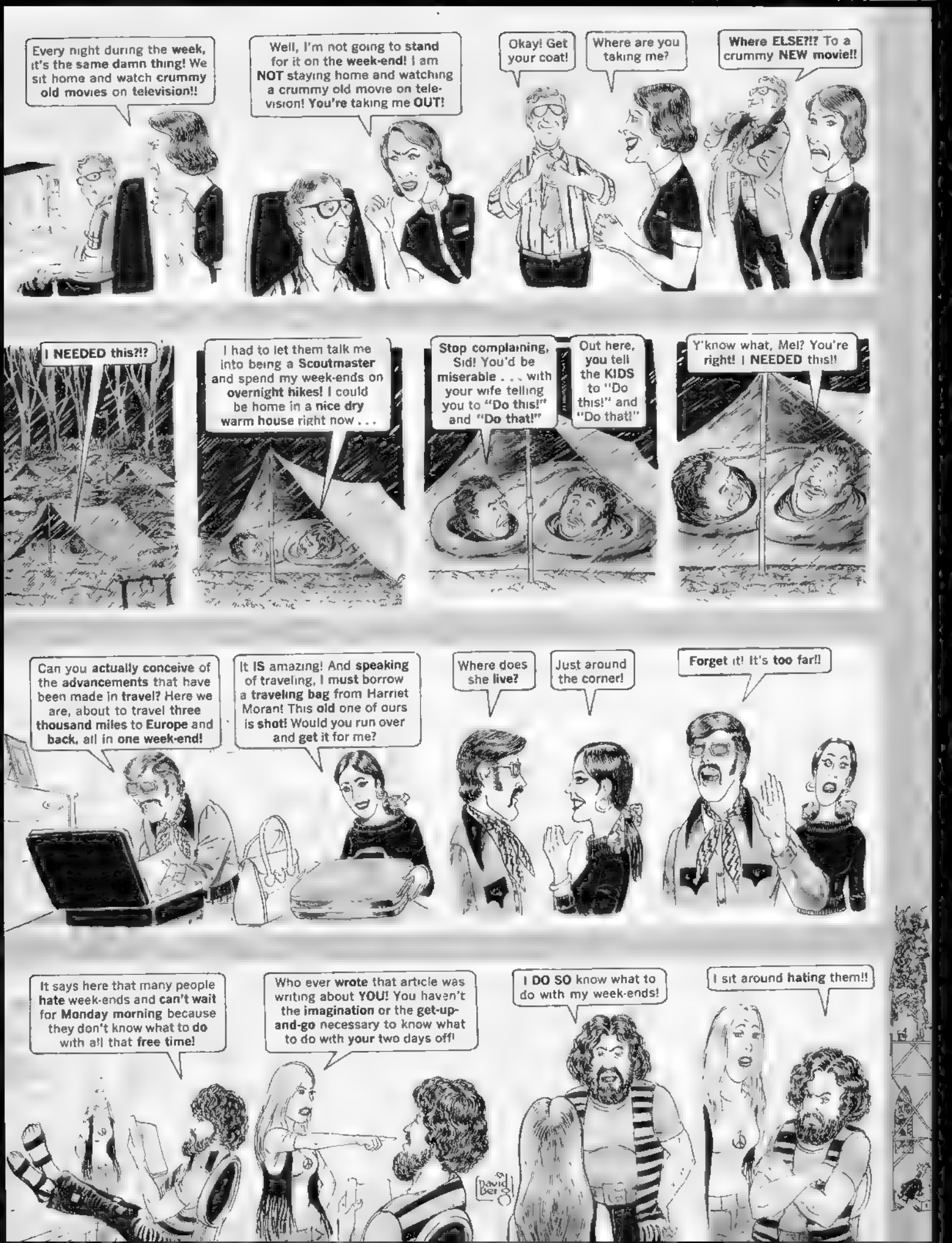
I got news for you, my wide-eyed sentinel! The kids have been home and asleep for two hours!

Boy, have I got a busy week-end planned! I'm gonna fix all the things around this house that need fixing!!
I'm gonna fix that leaky faucet in the sink, repair the broken back stairs, cement the crack in the basement, rake up the leaves, and paint the playroom!
Hey! What are you doing, lying around!? What happened to all those things you were going to do?
Oh, I'm leaving them all till next Saturday—
—when I don't have such a busy week-end planned!

Aw! Not again, Dad!
Sorry, son! Week-ends are the only times I can take you to places like museums and art galleries! And I'm going to expose you to culture if it kills me!
Okay, you've been walking me around this museum for four hours, exposing me to culture! So, now why are you just sitting there?
It's KILLING me!!


Hoo-boy! Am I exhausted! I have charlie horse of my entire body! Got up at 5 A.M. Saturday, drove 180 miles to the Ski Lodge, and spent the whole day on the slopes, dodging trees and wiping out!
Spent half the night boozing it up, making out and dancing like a nut! Got up early this morning and spent another day dodging trees and wiping out!
Then, that long drive home, and now every bone in my body aches!
If a week-end like that knocks you out so much, why did you go?
I needed the rest!!


It's not that I really mind the kids bringing home their week-end guests from college! It's just that they all have these crazy "now" ideas!
Yes, we do tend to lose our privacy . . . don't we!
Hey, Man! Don't mind me! Like, just pretend I'm not here!
BATH


Every night during the week, it's the same damn thing! We sit home and watch crummy old movies on television!!
Well, I'm not going to stand for it on the week-end! I am NOT staying home and watching a crummy old movie on television! You're taking me OUT!
Okay! Get your coat!
Where are you taking me?
Where ELSE?!? To a crummy NEW movie!!
I NEEDED this?!?
I had to let them talk me into being a Scoutmaster and spend my week-ends on overnight hikes! I could be home in a nice dry warm house right now . . .
Stop complaining, Sid! You'd be miserable . . . with your wife telling you to "Do this!" and "Do that!"
Out here, you tell the KIDS to "Do this!" and "Do that!"
Y'know what, Mel? You're right! I NEEDED this!!
Can you actually conceive of the advancements that have been made in travel? Here we are, about to travel three thousand miles to Europe and back, all in one week-end!
It IS amazing! And speaking of traveling, I must borrow a traveling bag from Harriet Moran! This old one of ours is shot! Would you run over and get it for me?
Where does she live?
Just around the corner!
Forget it! It's too far!!
It says here that many people hate week-ends and can't wait for Monday morning because they don't know what to do with all that free time!
Who ever wrote that article was writing about YOU! You haven't the imagination or the get-up-and-go necessary to know what to do with your two days off!
I DO SO know what to do with my week-ends!
I sit around hating them!!
David Berg

FIELD GOLD DEPT.

Almost every big business has a Trade Magazine devoted to itself. This magazine usually describes what's going on in the Industry, and all the wonderful things that have been happening to its big-shots and employees. Today, one of America's biggest businesses is a game called "Professional Football." How can a game be a business, you ask? For the answer, all you have to do is browse through this MAD version of Professional Football's own Trade Magazine . . . aptly called . . .

PROFITABLE FOOTBALL NEWS

The Magazine Of, About, and For the Business of Professional Football

50 Cents in USA
(75c elsewhere except Canada, which we refuse to recognize!)

November, 1972

12 Sure-Fire Ways to Humiliate Your Quarterback at Contract Time

$ $ $ $

Is Soccer a New Communist Threat to America?

$ $ $ $

40 Breakable Souvenirs You Can Sell In Your Stadium

$ $ $ $

EXCLUSIVE! 25 Reasons Why The Baseball Season Should be Shortened

$ $ $ $

Is College Football On TV Necessary?

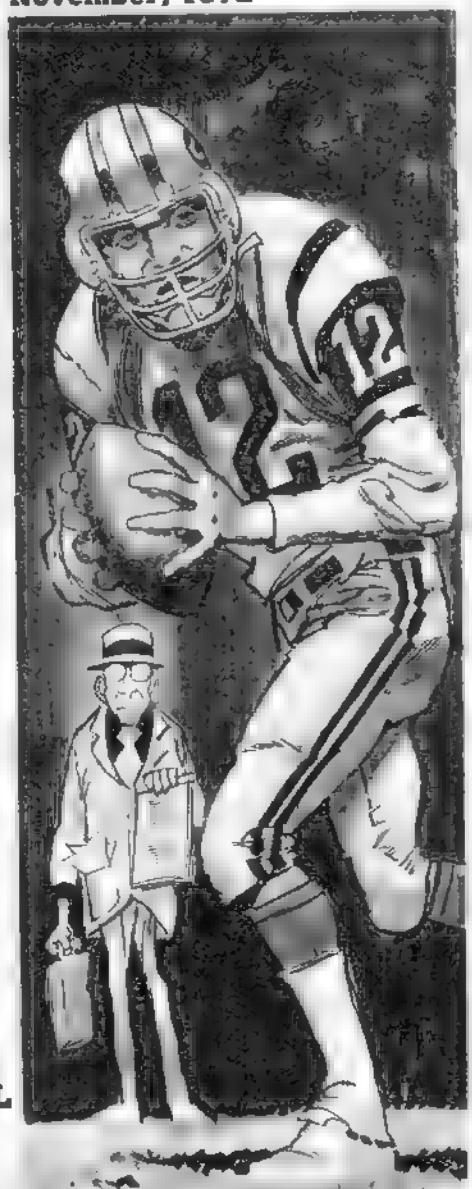
$ $ $ $

For That Matter, Is COLLEGE FOOTBALL Necessary?

$ $ $ $

SALTED HOTDOGS The New Way to Boost Stadium Beer Sales!

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



NAMATH VS. TARKENTON
Who Has the Better Business Manager?
Follow the Deal by Deal Statistics on Page 83

EDITORIAL

What Price Artificial Turf?

Anti-pro football forces continue to blast the use of artificial turf. These extremists scream, bleat and moan that playing on the new surface is dangerous to players. They complain that running backs slip on the fake turf and suffer injuries.

We at PROfitable FOOTBALL NEWS DENY THIS!

First of all, since pro football has practically wiped out the running game, it makes no difference if a back slips or doesn't slip. He's going to make 3 yards at best. Secondly, if a player is careless enough to want to sustain an injury, he's going to get hurt no matter where he's playing.

Actually, artificial turf protects the health of players by keeping them away from natural grass, which is sprayed with toxic chemicals which, as any ecologist will tell you, can cause fatal diseases, heart seizures, acne, and worse!

The truth is that professional football is being infiltrated by more and more *irresponsible, injury-prone players*. Their self-inflicted mishaps delay the game, causing awkward scenes on the field that do not improve the Pro-Football Image.

Therefore, the next time you see an injury, remember—Artificial turf doesn't destroy knees.

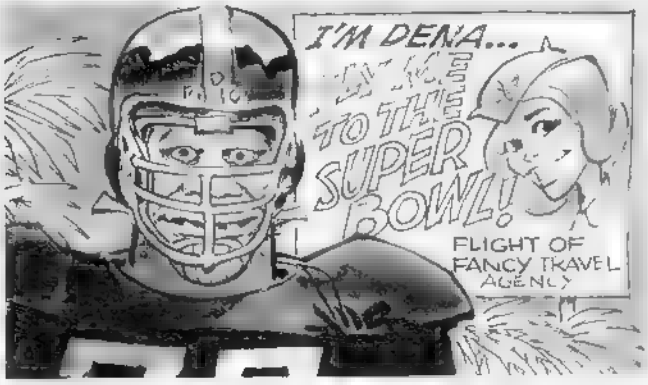
Men do!

PFN $ALUTES

Each issue, the editors select the executive, official, or player who best examplifies pro football's creed—

"It isn't that you won or lost, but how you milked the game."

This month: Ronnie Bushwater, Flanker



Came into his own in 1968, taking away hallowed Gillette Foamy Commercial from all-pro Hank Fishman. Endeared himself to NFL front office, 1970, by re-naming his twin sons Pete and Rozelle. Refused to give credit to his blockers after 98-yard runback, 1971, thereby becoming a hot "controversial star" and netting guest shots on Carson, Cavitt, and Frost in same week. Outside interests: Co-owner of Flights of Fancy Travel Agency, imaginative new company that filled three planes in Chicago for charter flight to Miami for Super Bowl, 1972, which was held in New Orleans.

Pro Palaver

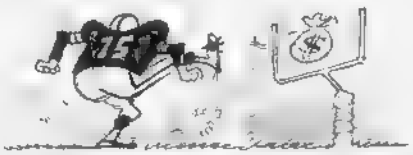
by Zink Prattle

That exciting trade between the Rams and Cowboys looks ver-r-ry much alive, with L.A. exchanging Head Accountant Sid Grundelman for two Dallas vice-presidents, a used adding machine and an eighth-round draft choice . . . Colt Lineman Flake Farley is putting the final touches on his football expose, "Twisted Jock." Not bad, Flake, considering you played all of *six* minutes last season . . . HOLD YOUR HELMETS DEPT.: The Jets are suing the nation's airlines for $50 million. The club claims it used the word first. Look to the New Orleans Saints to follow suit with the Catholic Church . . . Basketball stinks!

* * *

NICE GUY DEPT.: Dolphin Middle Guard Elmo Heef passing up a $2,000 stipend in order to tour the kiddies ward at Mercy Hospital. Elmo entertained the waifs practically gratis, charging the hospital only a $1,500 "expenses" fee . . . Front offices are complaining about players doing free TV spots knocking drugs. Seems there's a pile of money waiting if the jocks will take a stand the other way . . . Baseball stinks!

* * *



YOU KNOW WHO DEPT.: That placekicker who made that game-winning field goal is in de-e-e-p trouble. The bookies' point-spread was 4; the kick made it 5 .

* * *

TOUGH LUCK DEPT.: Patriots Running Back Waldo Fernleaf, who has been netting $35 a lock selling hunks of his hair, is going bald . . . Check your local A & P and Safeway stores for Viking Flanker Ed Freen's new line of sandwich spreads. Each package bears a photo of Ed naked. Nifty way to attract the young homemakers . . . Lacrosse Stinks!

* * *

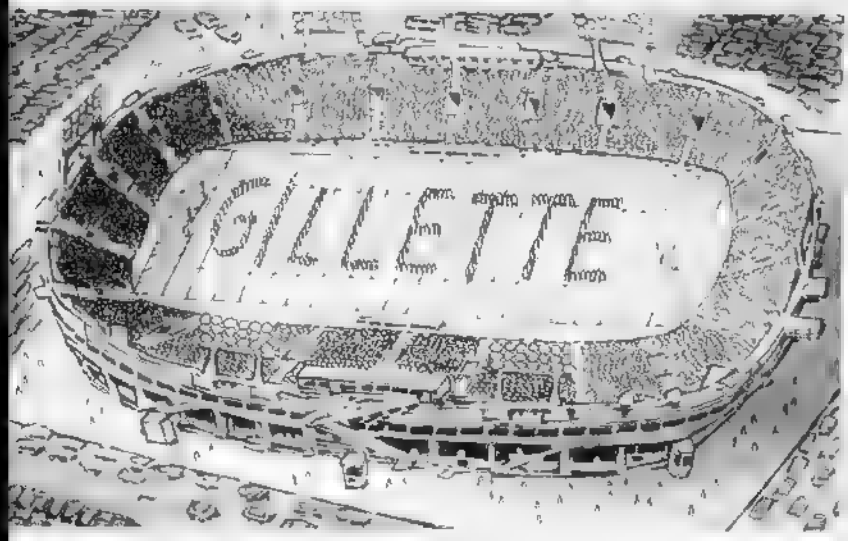
RUMOR MILL DEPT.: The FCC may step in to reduce the number of commercials in TV games. The Feds claim it's to protect the *fan*. I'd like to know what business it is of the fan!? I think we should be protected from the FCC! . . . Ed Zwilch of the Lions continues to fink on his teammates by telling the front office which players are breaking curfew. But you can't really blame Ed. He gets a percentage of the fines . . . Golf stinks!

* * *

Bengal Tackle Zeke Schmiltz had a rough night recently when he was photographed in a motel room with a female admirer. Zeke's wife blew her stack. Seems that Zeke, who has a juicy contract endorsing Jockey briefs, was snapped wearing shorts by Hanes . . . Heard around the locker rooms—"What good is health if you don't have the money?" . . . Pity the Chargers: After getting a bonus check for 100 grand, their No. 1 draft choice, Rip Snurd, opted to play in Canada. Seems Rip was Uncle Sam's No. 1 draft choice, too . . . Ping-pong stinks!

PRO FOOTBALL IN THE NEWS

PACKERS UNVEIL HALF-TIME MONEY-MAKER



That profit-minded Green Bay front office is netting $5,000 per home game selling half-time band formations to sponsors. Upcoming formations will spell out "GILLETTE," "ALKA SELTZER" and "FORD PINTO." Plans to spell out "AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHECKS" have fizzled since sponsor refused to pick up tab for a new stadium large enough to hold the intricate band formation.

RECORD PRESS COVERAGE FOR CONTRACT SIGNING

While Viking brass smile, No. 1 draft choice, quarterback Vince Zwycklmz signs record bonus pact for $3 million. Event made front pages across the nation and drew coast-to-coast TV coverage. Actually, Zwycklmz signed for the minimum NFL $15,000 yearly salary (meals not included) and will get $3 million only if he scores 100 points in a season, which may be difficult since the Vikings' strategists intend to convert him into a defensive tackle

CONGRESSMAN MEETS OWNER'S ASSOCIATION VP

Rep. Otis Vreech, who last year threatened to start anti-trust proceedings against pro football, hears the owner's side of the story from Owner's Association vice-president Wanda Flesch, hired by the group after she reached the semi-finals in this year's Miss Universe Contest. After their private confab, Rep Vreech announced that his committee would move forthwith to table the anti-trust action "until hell freezes over."

NASA, NFL REACH ACCORD

NASA bigwig Morton Aukblight, shown here watching a Dolphins-Oilers game from a plush box seat on the 50 yard line, has agreed to fully cooperate with the NFL in the never ending battle for TV time. From now on, all space probes will be launched at 2 a.m., in order not to conflict with network coverage of pro football. Aukblight feels that the additional cost to taxpayers of over two billion dollars is a very small price to pay for the preservation of the new National Pastime

Looking for a "name" speaker for civic luncheons, but unable to afford a Big Shot's fee? We can furnish such celebs as Larry Czonka's grocer, George Blanda's veterinarian, Terry Bradshaw's 5th-grade teacher. Send for list of more than 300. Write Box BS, PROfitable Football News.

Offensive guard Morris Pomerantz having rejected my aid and council, I am not responsible for his recent signing of a nothing contract with the Buffalo Bills. Otto Lumbar, business agent.

Players! Fed up with snide cracks by TV sportscasters? Up to here with put-downs by sportswriters? Turn your outrage into a neat hunk of cash by writing me today. Libel and slander lawsuits my specialty. Jack Albert, attorney at law.

Help Wanted. Several dozen experienced strong-arm thugs needed to bust heads of officers of proposed players' union. Contact commissioner's office.

Will trade highly rated lineman whose smart-ass business manager is making him hold out for a fortune in exchange for two dumb rookies and a reasonably good-looking blonde receptionist. Inquire front office. Atlanta Falcons.

"Baseball Causes Cancer!" "Pro Football Makes One Holy!" Brighten up your flashing scoreboard with these and 98 other messages of warmth and inspiration. For complete list send $25 to Pro-Proganda, Dayton, Ohio.

Ghostwriters wanted. The "Sensational" Book Division of this magazine is looking for writers with new slants for quickie biogs of NFL players. Writing experience, knowledge of grammar, belief in truth not essential. Box X, PROfitable Football News.

Attention all TV stations who show pro football games and are annoyed by competition on other channels. Our experienced electronic technicians are trained to jam reception on all competing channels, thereby giving you complete monopoly in your viewing area. Will even blow up transmission towers, if necessary. Write Snuff-Out, Inc. NYC.

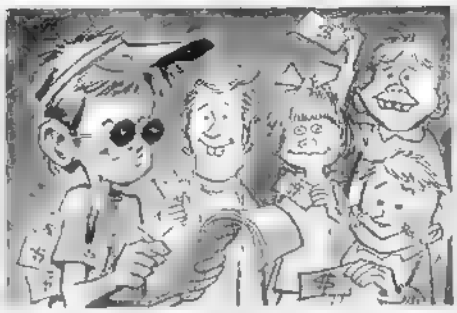
SHOPPING MART

Sure-Fire Money-Making NFL Gift Items

HOWARD COSELL TALKING ALARM CLOCK. Just set the dial. In the morning the mouth flies open and the voice of Howard Cosell is heard second-guessing Daryle Lamonica. A perfect gift for hard-to-awaken pro grid fan sleepers.

Cost to you: $10 per 100 — **Suggested Retail Price:** $14.95 ea.

CLOCK SCHLOCKERS
Verbose, California



BEAT THE BOOKIE GAME. A fun game for the kiddies, designed to make them grow up into heavy pro-football bettors, just like their daddies. One player is the bookie and sets the point-spread. Other players bet to beat him. Wild cards mean game is fixed.

Cost to you: $100 per gross — **Suggested Retail Price:** $5.95 ea.

LOU THE LEBANESE
Las Vegas, Nevada

LIFE-SIZE PLAYER DOLL! Imagine Joe Namath or Dick Butkus right in your own living room! Idol-worshipping fans will delight at the prospect, and their "football widows" won't mind looking at these life-size backs and linemen, replete with bulging biceps, beefy necks, and aggressive leers either! Life-like thin plastic punctures easily, insuring many repeat orders!

Cost to you: $10 per 100 — **Suggested Retail Price:** $14.95 ea.

INFLATION PRODUCTS
Expulsion, Illinois

"SUPER BOWL" Toilet Seat & Cover. A nifty gifty aimed at reminding fans of pro football's annual classic each day of their lives. Fluorescent lettering glows in the dark when nature calls in the middle of the night

Cost to you: $5.00 per 100 — **Suggested Retail Price:** $1 ea.

THE BOWL GAME
Flushing, N.Y.

"GREENIES" That's right! The same pills the players take. Now the football fanatic can be "up" for the game just like his favorite player.

Cost to you: 15¢ per bottle of 50 — **Suggested Retail Price:** $2.50 per bottle of 50

THE DOWNER CORPORATION
Gulp, New Mexico

EMBROIDERED FOOTBALL SAMPLER. A folksy wall memento framed and ready to hang up. Other samplers: "Blitz For Jesus", "On The 7th Day God Played". Inspirational messages for the Middle American NFL fan and members of his immediate family

Cost to you: $25 per 1000 — **Suggested Retail Price:** $5 ea.

HOLY MOLEY
Shazam, Arizona

PROFITABLE FOOTBALL NEWS INTERVIEWS TEAM OWNER CYRUS WILTFANG

Pro Football Biz-Whiz Of The Month

PRO FOOTBALL NEWS: Mr. Wiltfang, as owner of the Cheyenne Geldings, you've earned a reputation as a money-maker.

WILTFANG: That's right. I get a salary of 200-thou a year, plus stock options, warranties and a 40 per-cent kickback on beer sales in the stadium.

PFN: We don't mean as a money-maker for yourself. We mean as a money maker for your team.

WILTFANG: There's a difference?

PFN: For instance, weren't you the first to turn a harness-racing track into a football stadium?

WILTFANG: Right you are. No sense to build from scratch when you've got a nifty little grandstand right at your disposal.

PFN: Was there any problem getting use of the track?

WILTFANG: None whatsoever. I leased it for life from its owners, the Wiltfang Corporation.

PFN: You mean you leased it from yourself?

WILTFANG: Mercy, no. That would be illegal. The Wiltfang Corporation is not owned by me—it's owned by my 4-year-old son, Chauncey.

PFN: We understand the grandstand seated only 5,000 people when you leased it.

WILTFANG: Right again. I added on 30,000 seats above the paddock. The plywood's a little rickety, but you know football fans! They'll pay $12 a ticket even if they have to sit on a horse trough.

PFN: That's just an expression, of course.

WILTFANG: No, that's where 700 of 'em are sitting. Naturally, they have to get up at race-time.

PFN: You have harness-racing during football games?

WILTFANG: No sense giving up a proven source of revenue. Besides, it gives the fans something to watch when the game gets boring, which it often is.

PFN: Your players must find it odd to play football here.

WILTFANG: It's true they have to watch where they step when they run out of bounds, but, between you and me, the manure they pick up helps the grass grow on the field.

PFN: Let's get back to football. What kind of a season do you think you'll have this year??

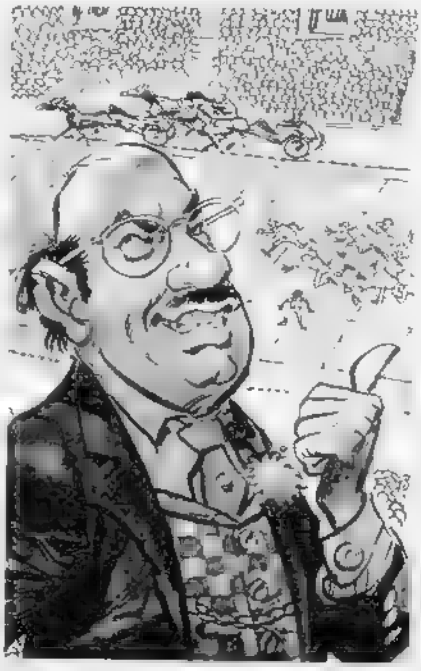
WILTFANG: With a little luck we'll finish first in our division.

PFN: That's quite an optimistic prediction, considering you have to play the Vikings, Cowboys and Dolphins.

WILTFANG: Oh, I'm not talking about the *standings*. I'm talking about the *profits* from ticket sales, concessions and TV rights. And who cares about such trivial matters, when

(Continued on page 83)

"You know my record against players gambling. Professional football must not in any way become involved with gambling. Recently I caught one of our linemen at the blackjack table at one of the casinos I've got a piece of in Las Vegas. I fined him $1000 on the spot. I took it out in chips...he was winning at the time!"



"All this nonsense about the need for a player's union is pure hogwash. The big trouble with players today is they're spoiled. They don't know their place. You gotta break their spirit once in a while so they know who's master. That's why I don't buy any troublemakers when I go to the auction block."

"People have the wrong impression about professional sports today. They think it's all gravy, everything rolling in and nothing rolling out. That's more nonsense. Sure, there's a profit motive, but that's what makes it fun—the challenge. That's why I wouldn't sell my little goldmine for fifty million dollars!"

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT... SERVICE

STATIONS

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER:
DON EDWING

YULE-O-GEE! DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book,"... those literary gems calculated to make you feel better by helping you

THE MAD CHRIST

DON'T YOU HATE...

... Christmas music that starts right after Thanksgiving, and practically drives you out of your mind by Dec. 25th.

DON'T YOU HATE...

... all those phony, greedy grins from the service people who are absolutely miserable to you the rest of the year.

DON'T YOU HATE...

... having to explain all the Santa Clauses to your 5-year-old.

DON'T YOU HATE...

... having the smallest feet in the family.

DON'T YOU HATE...

... finding that your most wanted gift is damaged, and must be re-packed and returned to the store.

DON'T YOU HATE...

... getting a whole batch of Christmas cards, at the very last minute, from people you didn't send any to.

blow off steam about your pet hates. Since it's that time of year again, why not fortify yourself by blowing off steam with

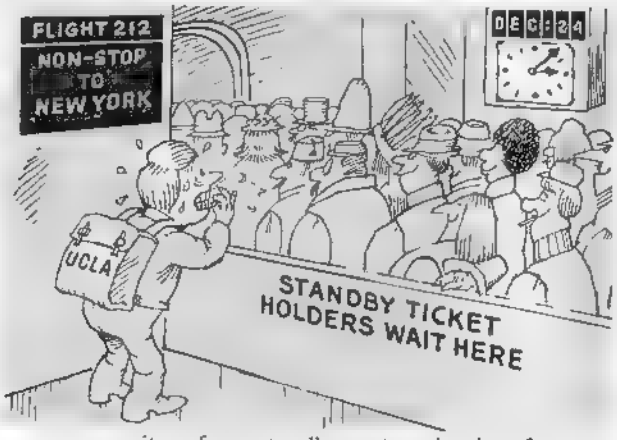
MAS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

DON'T YOU HATE . . .

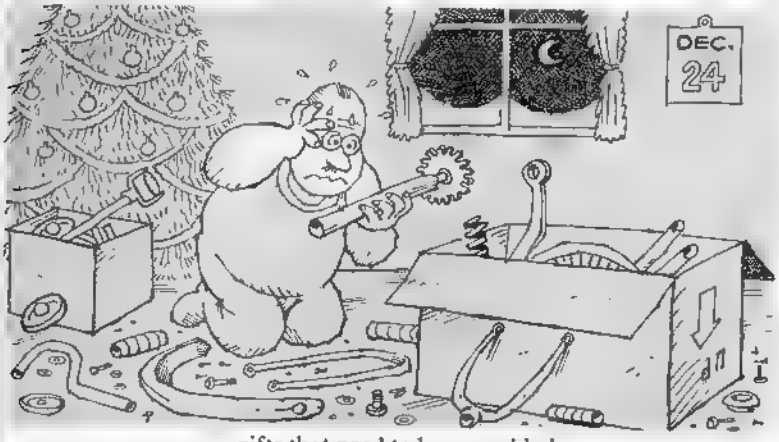
. . . when your class is preparing religious Christmas displays and rehearsing the Christmas Pageant . . . and you're Jewish.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .



. . . waiting for a standby seat as the time for getting home by Christmas is fast running out.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .



. . . gifts that need to be assembled.

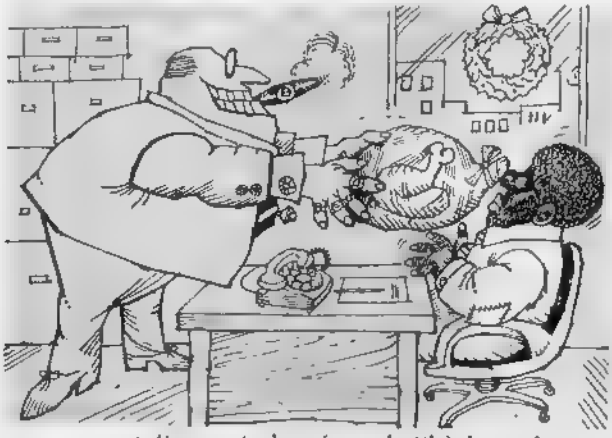
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . getting gifts that needed to be assembled.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . exchanging gifts with your new heartthrob, and finding out she spent ten times more on yours than you did on hers.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .



. . . getting a turkey (or a bottle) instead of that big cash bonus you were hoping for.

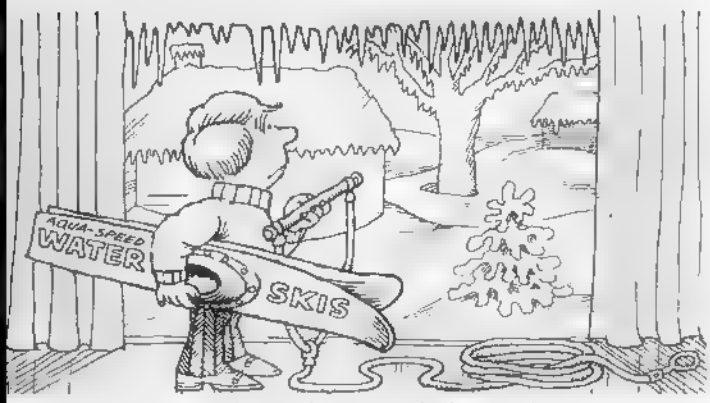
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . getting a ton of homework to do over the Christmas holidays.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . spending Christmas in a warm climate.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .



. . . getting a gift you have to wait six months to use.

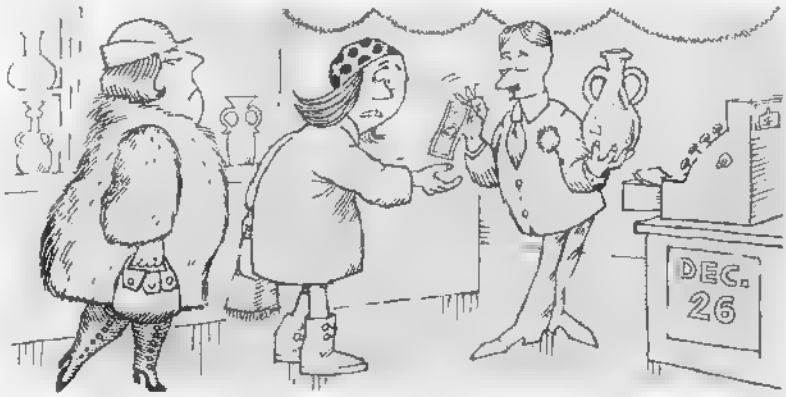
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

. . . getting gifts you're forbidden to use in the house.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .

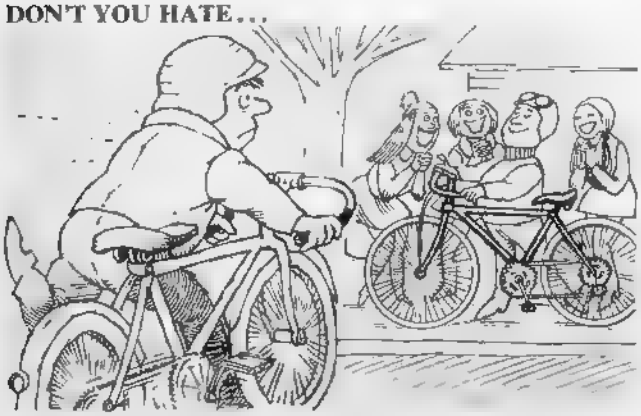
. . . having to work on Christmas day.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .



. . . bumping into the person whose gift you are in the process of returning.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .

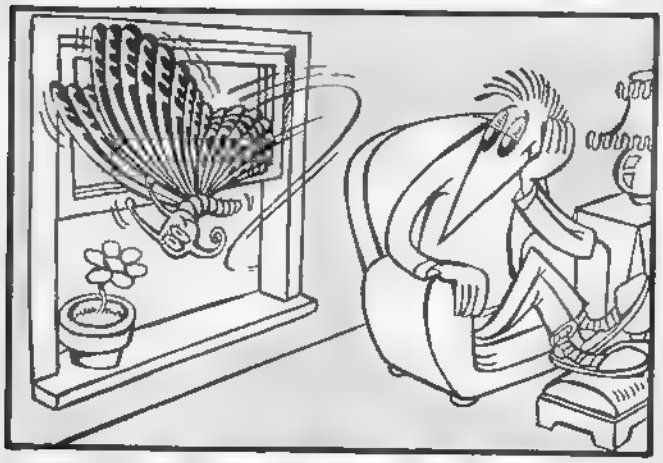


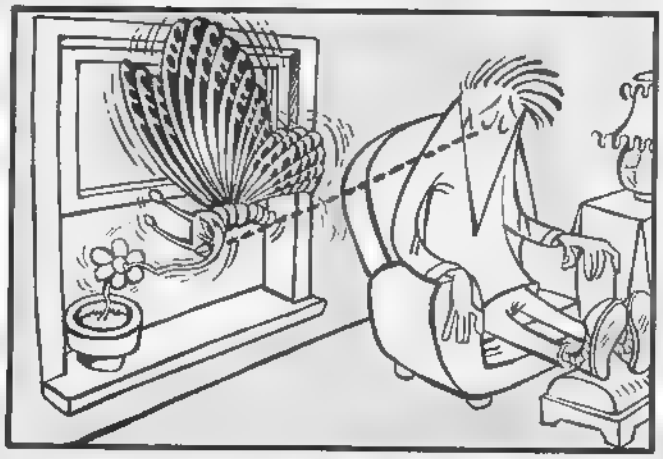
. . . rushing out to show off your new 3-speed bike, and the kid across the street just got a new 10-speed bike.

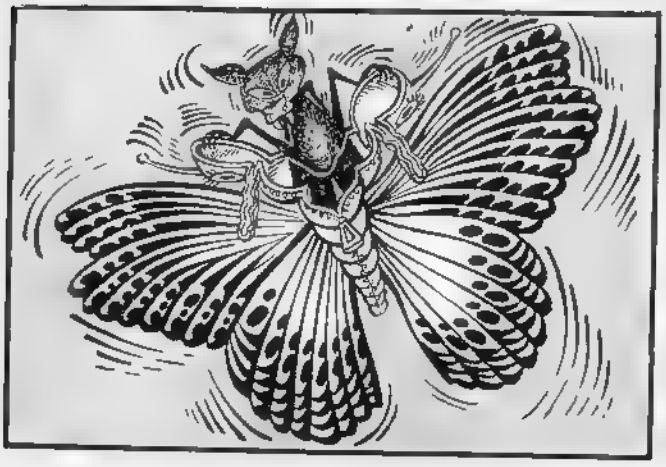
DON'T YOU HATE . . .

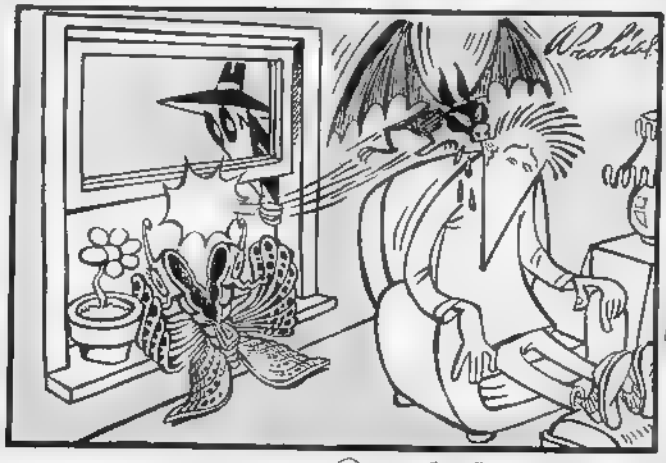
. . . those After-Christmas Sales that cut prices in half for gifts you'll still be paying for next June.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.





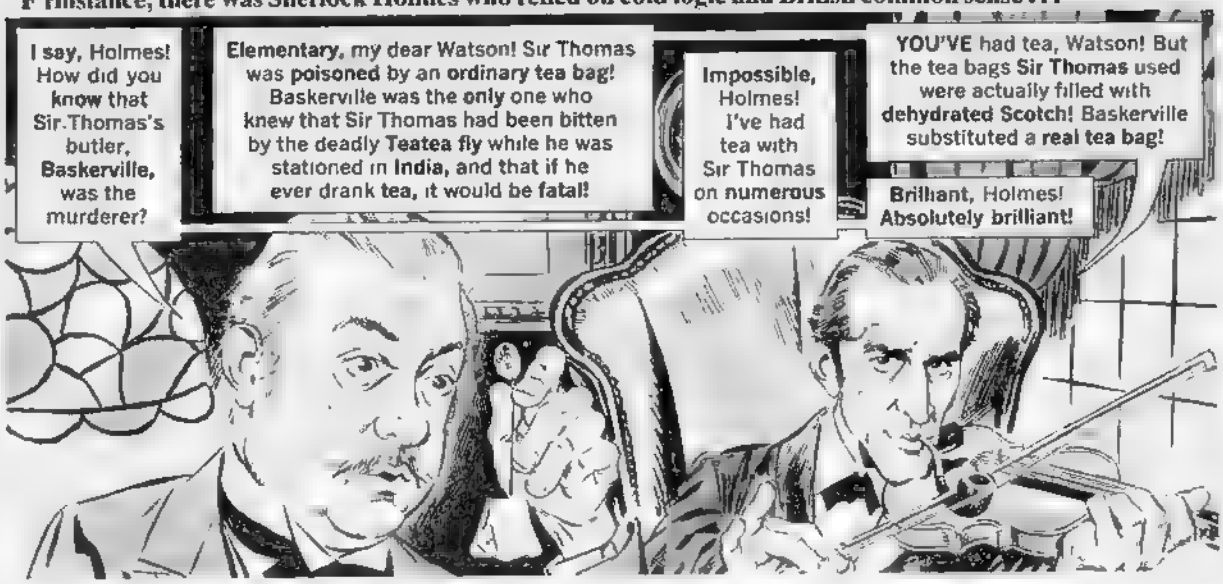




KNIFIN' FALK DEPT.

There have been many famous fictional Detectives through the years, and each has had his own special technique for solving a crime.

F'rinstance, there was Sherlock Holmes who relied on cold logic and British common sense . . .

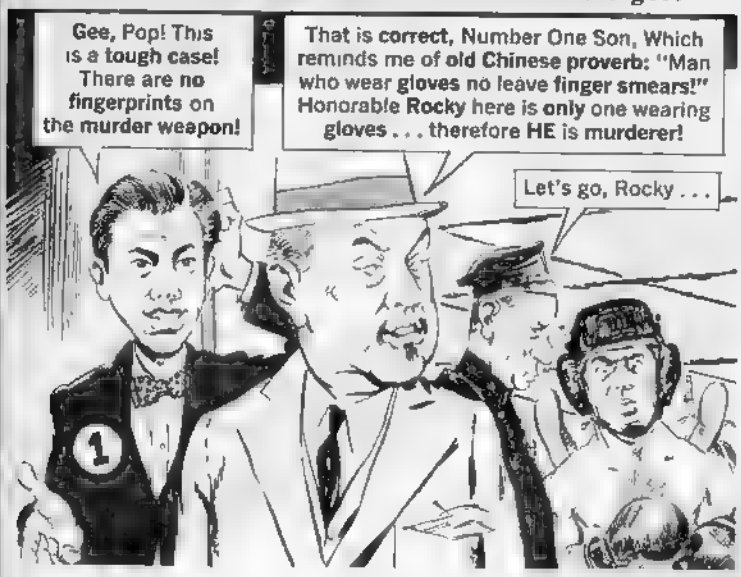


But enough of the crime-fighters of the past! Today, we have a new style TV Detective with

CLOD

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

There was Charlie Chan with his inscrutable reasoning . . .



And there was Mike Hammer with his American approach . . .

his own unique method of solving cases. You'll see what we mean as we take a MAD look at . . .

UMBO

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

I didn't exactly **draw** it, Lieutenant! **I traced** around **the body!**

Y'know, this reminds me of a **Potsy court!** Did you ever play **Potsy?**

Uh—no, Sir!

I used to be the **Champion Potsy Player** of my old neighborhood!

How are things **going,** Clodumbo?

Very good, Sir! I'm on **twosie!**

Just what is going **on** here?!?

Who are **you?**

I'm **Dr. Robert Culpable! I live** here!

You're a DOCTOR?!! Isn't that a **coincidence!** My **wife** was saying just the other **day** that I ought to see a **Doctor** for a **check-up!**

Clodumbo, **what** are you doing?

I'm taking off my **clothes** so the Doc can **examine** me!

I'm **sorry . . .** but I'm **not** a **G.P.!** I'm a **Brain Surgeon!**

That's okay, Doc! The way I look at it, this scene can't do me any **harm!** I mean, look what **one nude shot** did for **Burt Reynolds!**

Can someone please tell me why the **Police** are here?

Doc, there's been a **murder!** Now, you don't **have** to say **anything!** I mean, you got a right to **remain silent!** As a matter of fact, it's **my** job to advise you of your **rights!** So . . . "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union . . ."

That's the **wrong speech,** you idiot! You're reciting the **Preamble To The Constitution!**

Isn't that **something!** I learned that way back in **Grammar School!** I was in **Miss Greenfield's** class! She was **some terrific teacher!** She taught me something I **never forgot!** Listen to **this:** "Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers—"

I'm going back to the **Precinct** and lock myself in a **maximum security cell!**

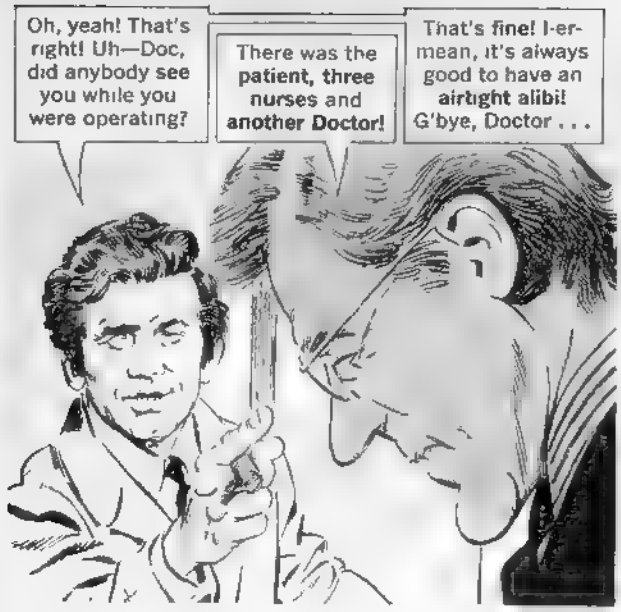
Take me along **with** you, Captain! **PLEASE!**

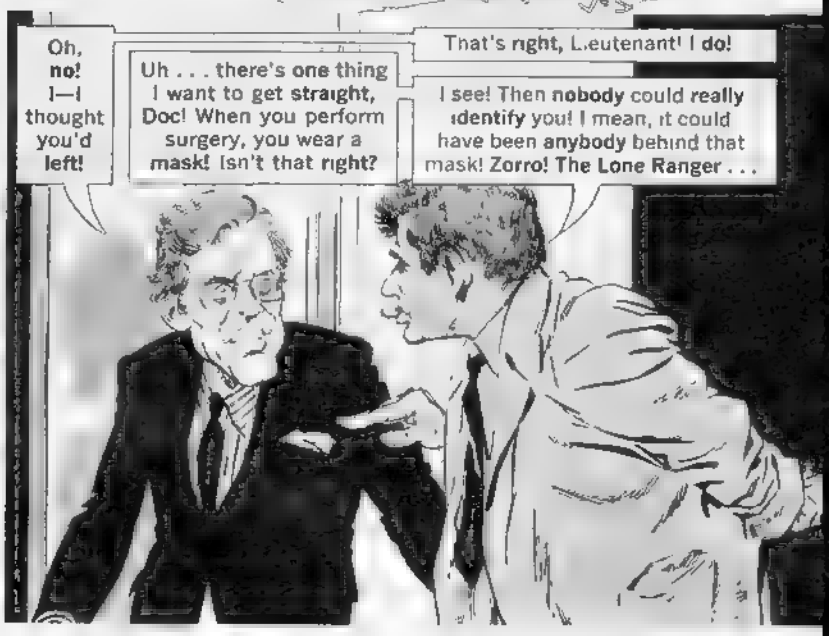
I'm **leavin',** now, Doc! Uh . . . oh, yeah! Where were **you** at 11 o'clock this morning . . .?

I was in **Surgery!**

No kidding!? And you're **walking around already!** That's really **terrific!**

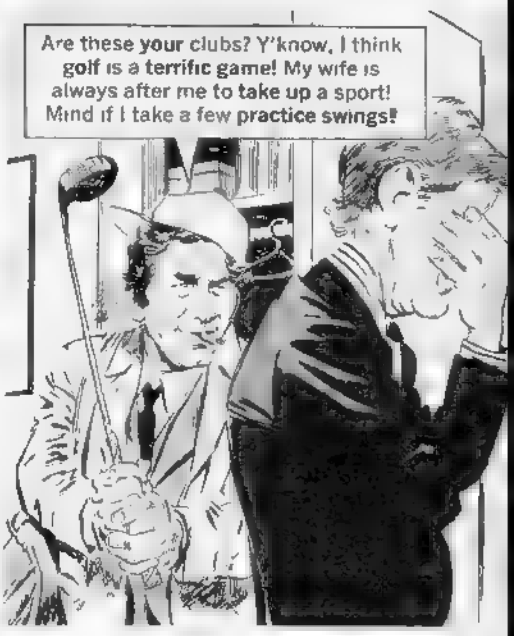
Lieutenant, **I wasn't** the **patient!** I was **operating!!**


Oh, yeah! That's right! Uh—Doc, did anybody see you while you were operating?
There was the patient, three nurses and another Doctor!
That's fine! I-er-mean, it's always good to have an airtight alibi! G'bye, Doctor . . .


Oh, no! I—I thought you'd left!
Uh . . . there's one thing I want to get straight, Doc! When you perform surgery, you wear a mask! Isn't that right?
That's right, Lieutenant! I do!
I see! Then nobody could really identify you! I mean, it could have been anybody behind that mask! Zorro! The Lone Ranger . . .

Well, I really have to run, Doc! I'll be seeing you . . .
No! Wait, Lieutenant! That's . . .

. . . That's not the way out! That's a CLOSET!!
CRASH!

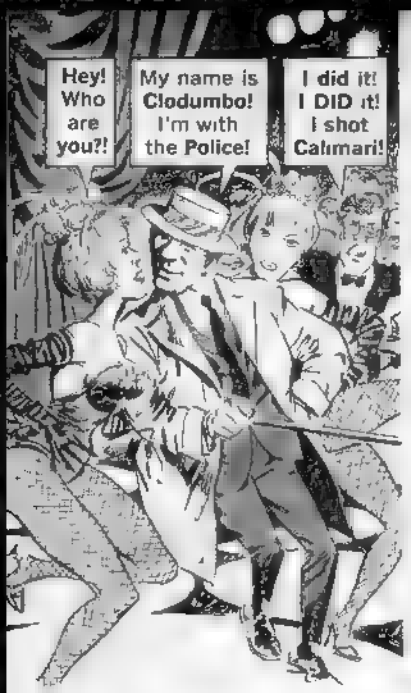

Are these your clubs? Y'know, I think golf is a terrific game! My wife is always after me to take up a sport! Mind if I take a few practice swings!

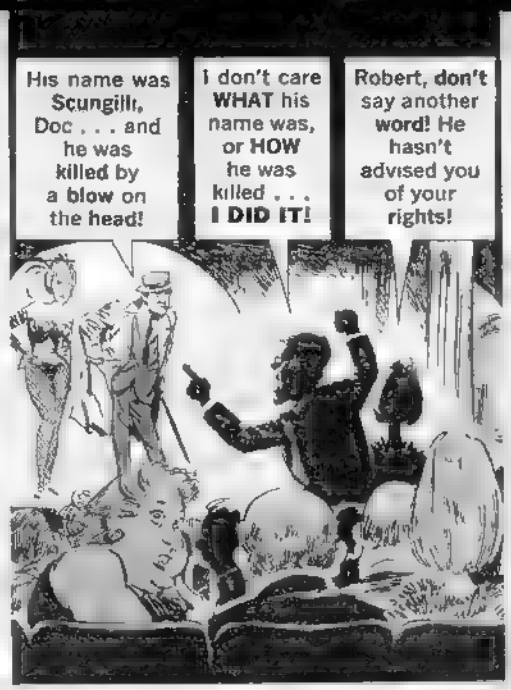
I'm sorry, Doc! I guess my game is a little rusty!
If you're finished, Lieutenant, I'd appreciate it if you'd leave!

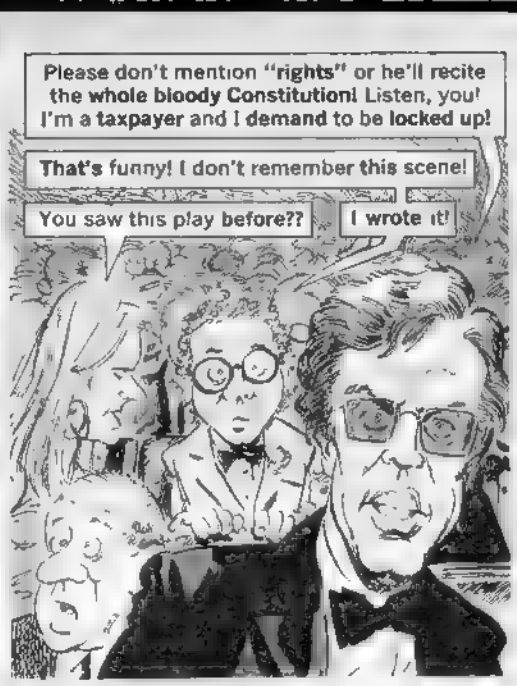
Okay, Doc! I'm going! I've taken up too much of your time already!
That's not the way out either, Lieutenant!!
SPLASH!

Doc, you really know how to live! I mean, this is fantastic! A swimming pool in the bathroom!!
That's the BATHTUB, Lieutenant!
No kidding!? A bathtub!? I wish my wife could see this! We have this really small tub, and she's always getting stuck in it! I'd like to get her a tub like this for her birthday, but I don't think it'd fit in our bathroom! Uh—how do you think it'd look in a living room, Doc?
Lieutenant, I'm due at the hospital! I want to have my lunch . . . and GO!!
You're hungry?!? Why didn't you say so?! Where's the kitchen??
SPLAT
Please don't bother, Lieutenant! I can stop off at a Diner!
It's not healthy to eat in those places! Besides, it can be very expensive! Look, don't worry! I'm an expert Chef! How do you like your eggs—Oops! Sorry! I'm not used to such low ceilings!
Look here! It's after ONE, and I—
Where did the time go? I mean, when you're enjoying yourself, the time just seems to fly! Okay, I'll see you around! Uh, is this the way out, Doc . . . ?
I certainly hope so!
I—I don't believe it! You're back again!!
Yeah! I brought you your mail! I'm sorry I opened it! I just wasn't thinking! I wanna tell you something! That girl that wrote you this letter? She's really a terrific letter-writer! Well . . . uh, goodbye!
Uh . . . that's odd!
NOW what??
Wanna hear something really wild? When I handed you your mail, you took it with your right hand! Now, from the angle of the blow, we figured out that the murderer was right-handed! Isn't that an amazing coincidence? Both you and the killer are right-handed! Well, s'long, Doc! See you . . .
Is anything the matter, Doctor?
I'll be all right! Er . . . scalpel . . .
Is this what you're looking for, Doc?

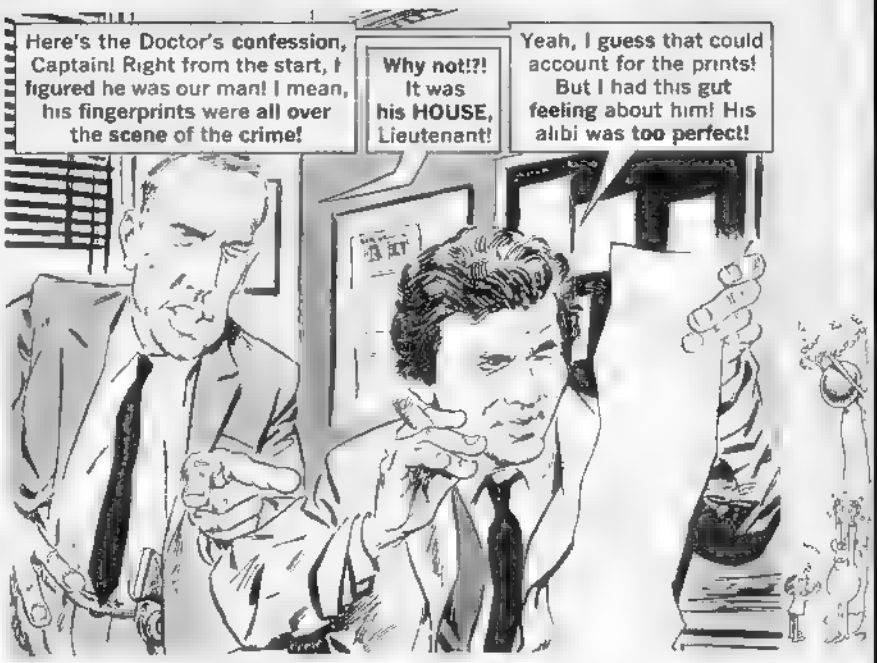
DANGER THIN ICE
PLEASE, Lieutenant! Have pity! I'm—I'm operating!
That's okay! You go right ahead! Don't mind me! I always wanted to see a real operation! I mean, I love all those medical shows! Hey, is that thing the brain?
DON'T TOUCH THAT!!
Sorry, there! I'll just put it back and . . . OOPS!!
Here, Miss! Le'me help you clean that up! I'm always helping my wife around the house! Uh—Doc, I meant t' tell you! We identified the body!
Which one? The man in my apartment —or this poor devil on the table??
No kidding! Is he . . .? I'm really sorry to hear that! Well, I guess you can't win 'em all, eh, Doc? Uh—you wouldn't happen to have an ash tray around here, would you? Never mind! I'll use this—
Hey, what's the matter, Doc? You got a headache? Listen, I know you're a Doctor, and I don't want to tell you your business, but I think you been working too hard! You gotta relax! Why don't you take this pretty Nurse out to a Drive-In, or for a Pizza! I'll clean up here! You run along!
Lieutenant, I already have a girl, and we're going to the theater tonight! That's one place you can't follow me! The play's been sold out for six months!
That's great, Doc! Go ahead and enjoy yourself, and forget that you're the Number One suspect in a murder case!
KEEP OUT
What's wrong, Robert? You're so nervous!
I can't help it! I know he's going to show up!
Did you lose something, Sir?
I hope so! A Police Lieutenant with a smelly cigar and a rumpled coat . . .?
Have you tried checking the Lost and Found Dept.?
You know, you were right, Doc! This is a really tough ticket to get! And the prices they're asking . . . Wow!
Uh . . . the reason I'm here is, I forgot to tell you the victim's name! He was Little Charlie Scungilli!

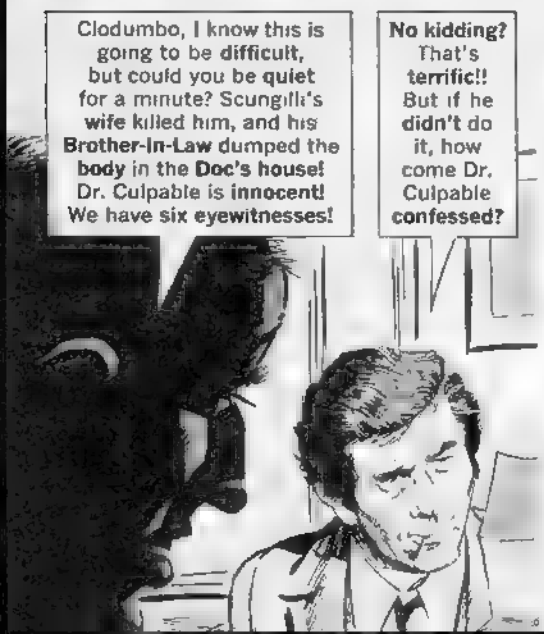

Hey! Who are you?!
My name is Clodumbo! I'm with the Police!
I did it! I DID it! I shot Calimari!

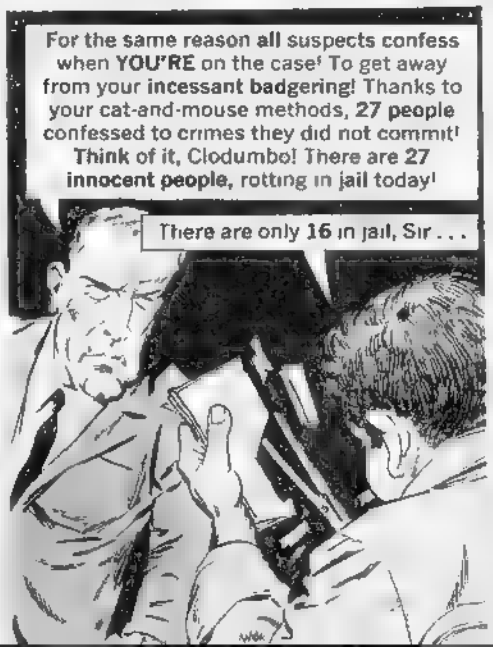

His name was Scungilli, Doc . . . and he was killed by a blow on the head!
I don't care WHAT his name was, or HOW he was killed . . . I DID IT!
Robert, don't say another word! He hasn't advised you of your rights!


Please don't mention "rights" or he'll recite the whole bloody Constitution! Listen, you! I'm a taxpayer and I demand to be locked up!
That's funny! I don't remember this scene!
You saw this play before??
I wrote it!

Take me to a nice quiet cell, right now!!
One minute, Doc!
Where are you going?
I'm gonna take a bow! Y'know, my wife says I'm so hammy I should have been an actor!


Here's the Doctor's confession, Captain! Right from the start, I figured he was our man! I mean, his fingerprints were all over the scene of the crime!
Why not!?! It was his HOUSE, Lieutenant!
Yeah, I guess that could account for the prints! But I had this gut feeling about him! His alibi was too perfect!


Clodumbo, I know this is going to be difficult, but could you be quiet for a minute? Scungilli's wife killed him, and his Brother-In-Law dumped the body in the Doc's house! Dr. Culpable is innocent! We have six eyewitnesses!
No kidding? That's terrific!! But if he didn't do it, how come Dr. Culpable confessed?

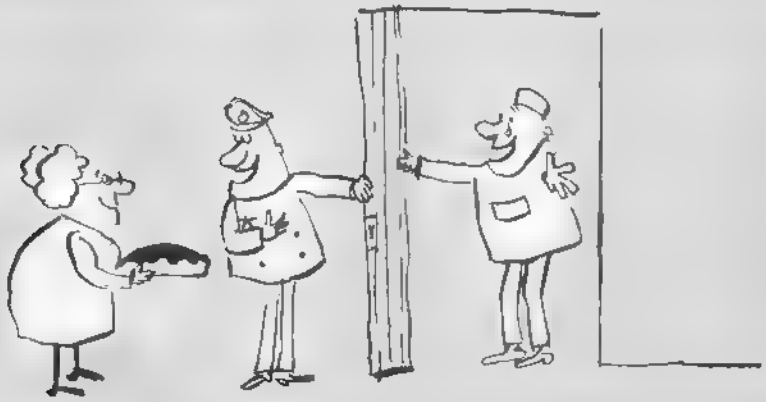

For the same reason all suspects confess when YOU'RE on the case! To get away from your incessant badgering! Thanks to your cat-and-mouse methods, 27 people confessed to crimes they did not commit! Think of it, Clodumbo! There are 27 innocent people, rotting in jail today!
There are only 16 in jail, Sir . . .

Eleven of them were executed!!

MOTHER LOAD DEPT.

VISITING DAY

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



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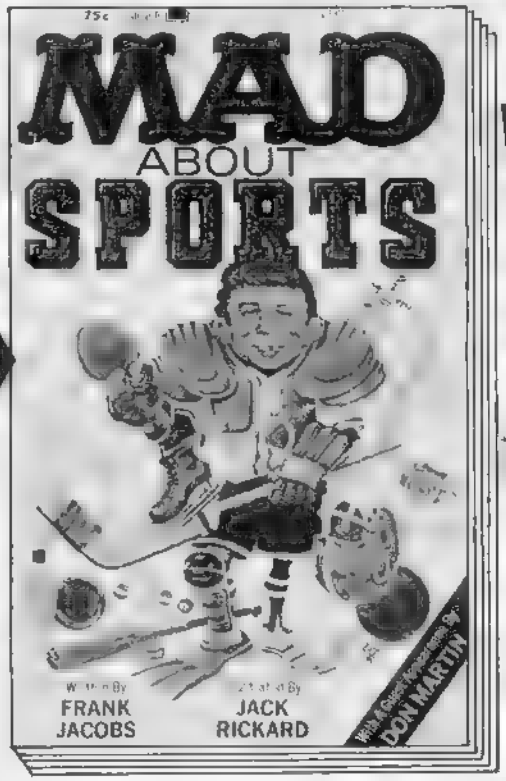

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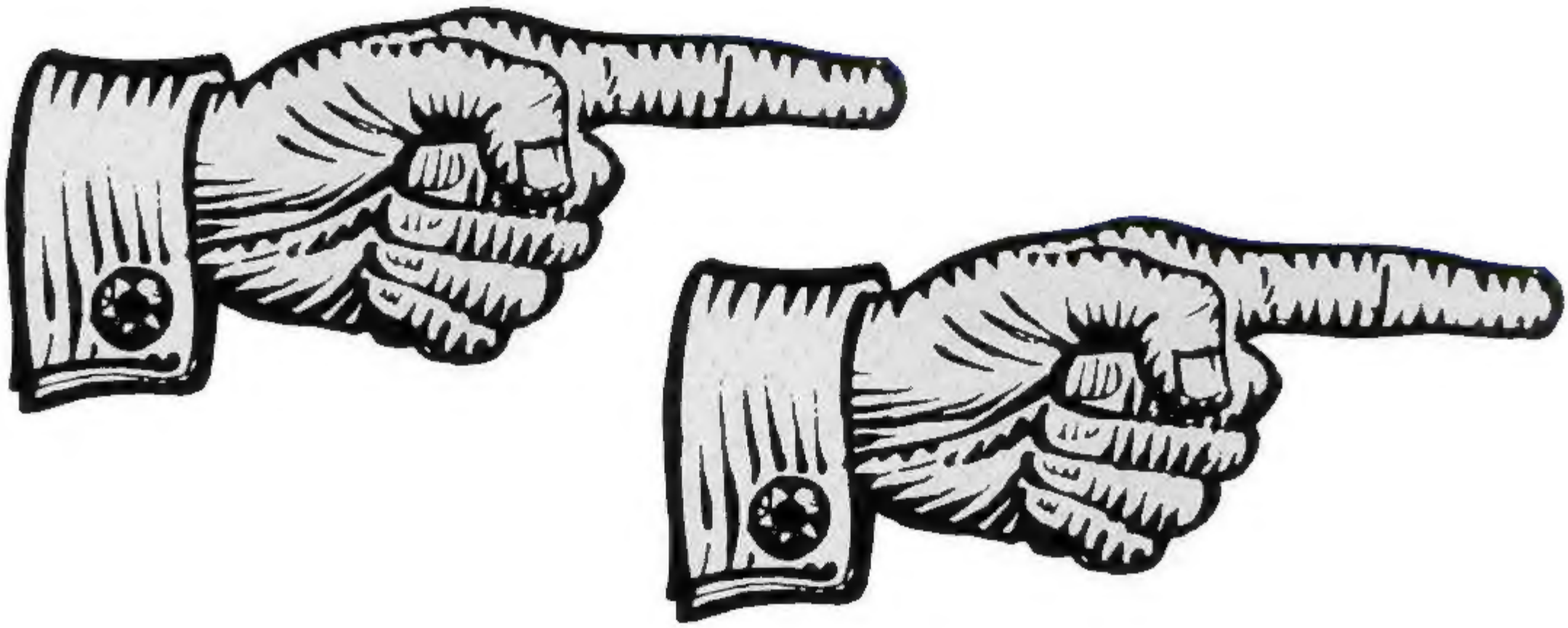

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Christmas Spirit

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